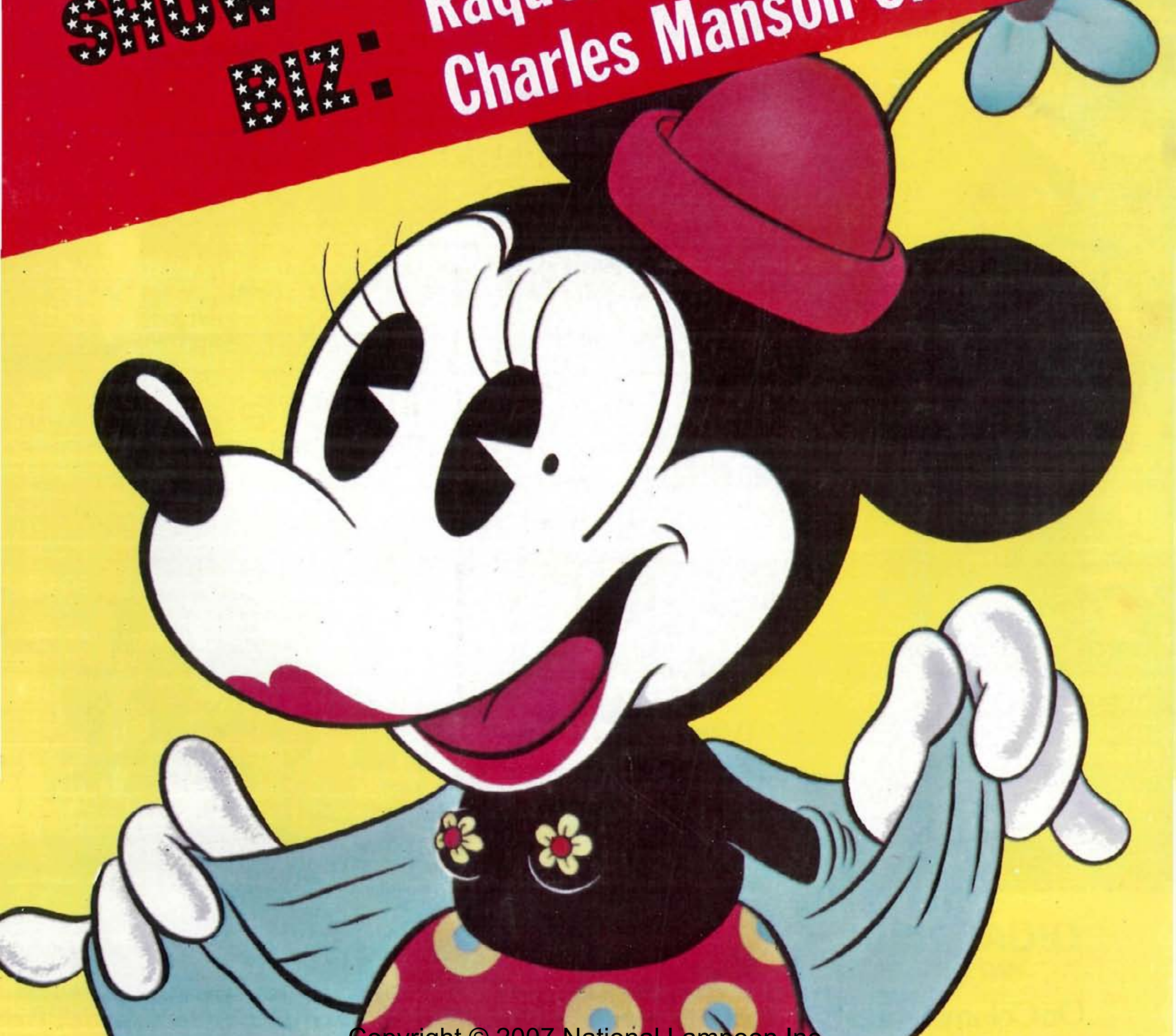
NATIONAL LAMPOON

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SHOW BIZ: John and Yoko Unmasked
Raquel Welch Undressed
Charles Manson Onstage





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Vol 1 No. 6 CONTENTS Sept , 1970



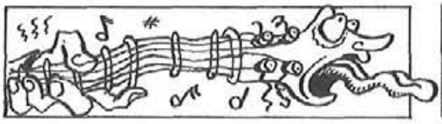
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by Robert Goldman
Was their marriage Made in Heaven or in Japan? Senior citizens want to know.



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A day with radical starlet Nana Bijou . . . *The New Breed!*



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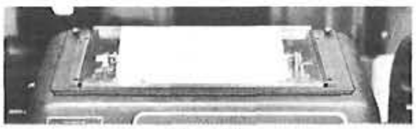
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What did the woodpecker say to the blind dog with only three legs?



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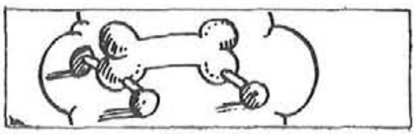
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Click Israelis steal radar click they must be good thieves, they eat lox.



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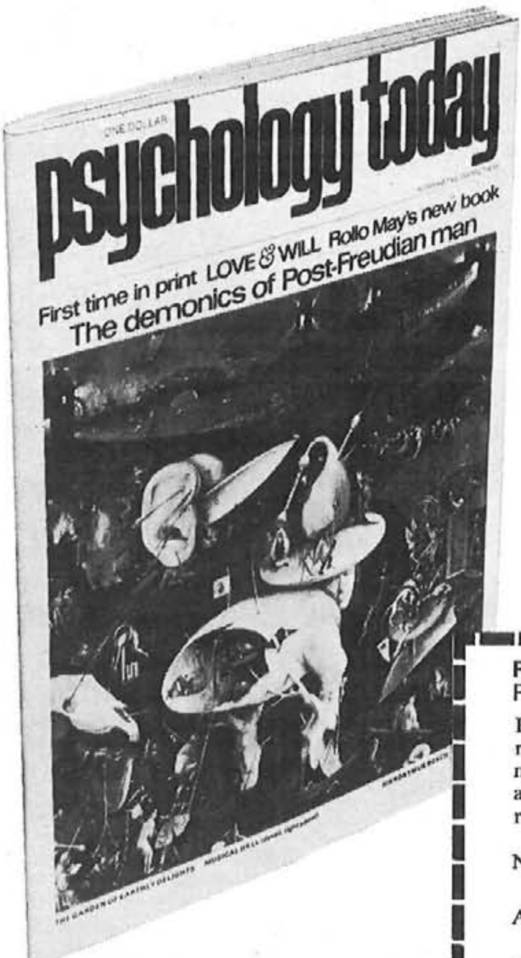
Every month, you'll read in its pages what the world's foremost authorities have to say about the human condition. Men like B. F. Skinner. Rollo May. Ashley Montagu. David Riesman. Bruno Bettelheim. These behavioral scientists explain their latest discoveries in clear, straightforward language, without oversimplifications or pseudo-profundities.

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- Impulse, Aggression & the Gun
- Homosexuality Reconsidered
- The Sickness of Corporations
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- Adult Play Therapy
- Love and Will
- The Mentally Retarded Child
- Is Man a Machine?
- The Nudity Explosion
- Who Will Help in a Crisis?
- Dangers of Group Therapy
- Are I.Q. Tests Intelligent?
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—LETTER FROM THE EDITOR—

Once upon a time, "Show Biz" meant a lot of greasy looking sharpies clustered around a slack-jawed, bleached blonde whose biggest claim to immortality was a pair of monster udders and a steel back brace. Hype and baloney sandwiches were Hollywood's daily fare and rhinestone-studded movie stars competed among themselves armed with kidney-shaped swimming pools and cashew-sized cerebrums.

But things have changed. Kids everywhere are seeing through the tinsel and papier-mâché of their folks' era, and the new show biz stars reflect this disenchantment with the phony tin gods of yesteryear. Only the sincere and the committed can hope to make it nowadays. That's why the Temptations can rip off four hits, all dubbed over the same rhythm track, *Rolling Stone* reads like a bell-bottomed *Business Week* and that's why there's still a ready market for some more Monkees, should their originator ever put another want ad in the *Los Angeles Times*.

Further on in this issue, you will see some embarrassing items from Hollywood's secret Blackmail Auction. Omitted, due to lack of space, were Janis Joplin's Villager blouse, Johnny Winters's peroxide bottle and Tiny Tim's .30-06 custom-built hunting rifle.

—DCK

—THE COVER—

Four deadlocked editorial meetings, a flurry of confusion and an eleventh hour telegram to Sagebrush Studios produced the Kute 'n Kampy Kut-Up on this month's cover. It expresses both our hard-hitting editorial policies and Sagebrush's obsession with female mouse knockers. □



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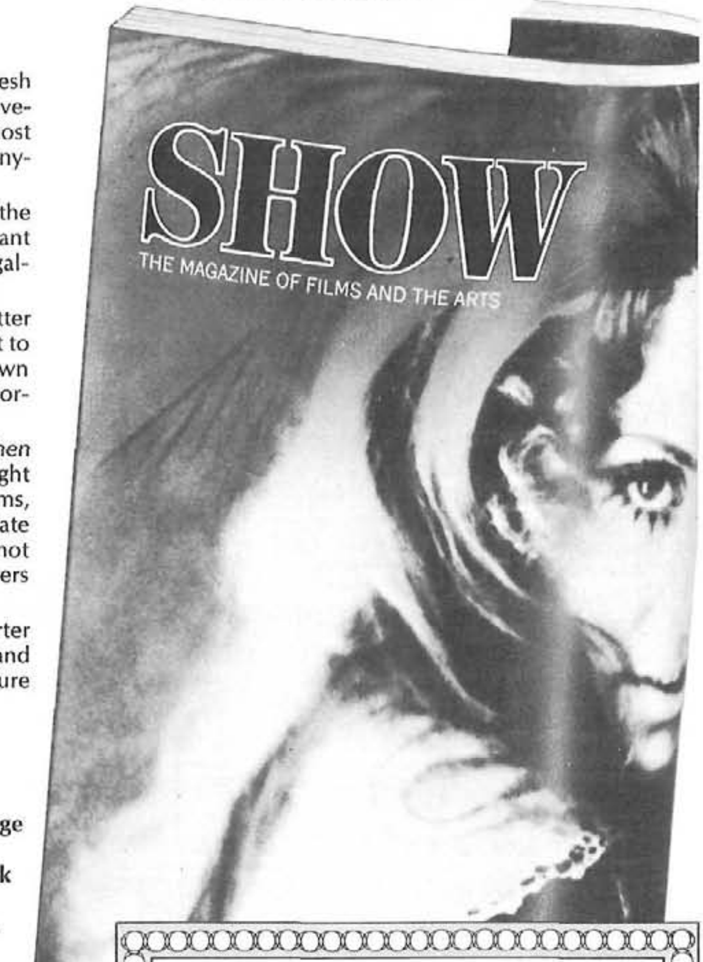
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If you'd walk out of a movie that bores you, no matter who called it ART . . . if you'd get a kick out of being first to know who's going to play Portnoy . . . if you have your own ideas about the loser-hero gunning for his fate on a motorcycle . . . you'll enjoy seeing SHOW each month.

Critical, witty, nostalgic (what's going to happen when John Wayne wanes?), SHOW is a front-row center insight into all the things you want to know about. Not just in films, but in dance, the visual arts, music and the legitimate theatre. And the people who contribute to SHOW are not outsiders, but men and women who are the real movers and shakers in the arts they write about.

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- **Pro and con on the triple-screen film of the Woodstock Festival.**
- **How the "high-budget" movies retard social progress.**
- **Why "plot" movies may soon be dead.**
- **Alan Arkin's satiric journal: the filming of Catch 22.**
- **Are movies like Z a new weapon in the arsenal of the revolution?**
- **Milos Forman's hilarious new script on marijuana.**
- **Black movies of the '30's.**
- **Novelist Anthony Burgess' screenplay on the sex life of William Shakespeare.**
- **The star system of underground films: don't be beautiful, be bizarre.**

Plus articles by and about: Bud Schulberg, Sir *Laurence Olivier, Nicol Williamson, Robert Shaw,* Fred Zinnemann, Dirk Bogarde, Robert Bolt, Francois Truffaut, Mike Nichols.

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LETTERS

Sirs:

Dropped by your local Laundromat lately? Here's some astonishing news: The latest campus fad sweeping the country is riding out the drying cycle in one of those big coin-operated machines! I know it sounds weird and "kooky" (as my son would say), but I tried it myself and, land sàkes, I don't know when I've had more fun!

All you do is climb into the "porthole," set the switch to "on," and get ready for "take-off." The spinning sensation feels almost like you are "weightless," and the view is "out of this world."

Neil Armstrong
Cape Kennedy, Fla.

Sirs:

I understand that you accept light satirical verse for use in your magazine. The following light satirical verse is entitled "Kids Certainly are Funny," and I am sure you will enjoy it. (It is a satire on the generation gap.)

Kids certainly are funny,
They always ask for money.
They always want to borrow
the car
To see their favorite rock and
roll star.
They go to the Sweet Shop with
their buddy
And watch TV *instead of study.*
They never say "please" and
always shout
And walk around with their
shirttails out.
Their faces are full of pimply
splotches,
So let's give 'em a kick in their
silly crotches.

Mrs. K. Gilmore
Toledo, Ohio

Sirs:

I just wanted to write you a letter of appreciation for the wonderful articles you regularly feature by Michael O'Donoghue.

Michael O'Donoghue
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Has Jesus walked with you lately? Has He talked to you in the recent past? Have you and Jesus even chatted on the phone this year? I think not.

Well, I met Him for a couple of belts at the Ritz last night, and, frankly, I think you ought to know that Jesus is pretty honked off at you guys. As a matter of fact, He says to me, "If those guys don't watch their step, I'll turn the creeps into lepers or vending machines, or worse."

A word to the wise, they say, is a penny earned.

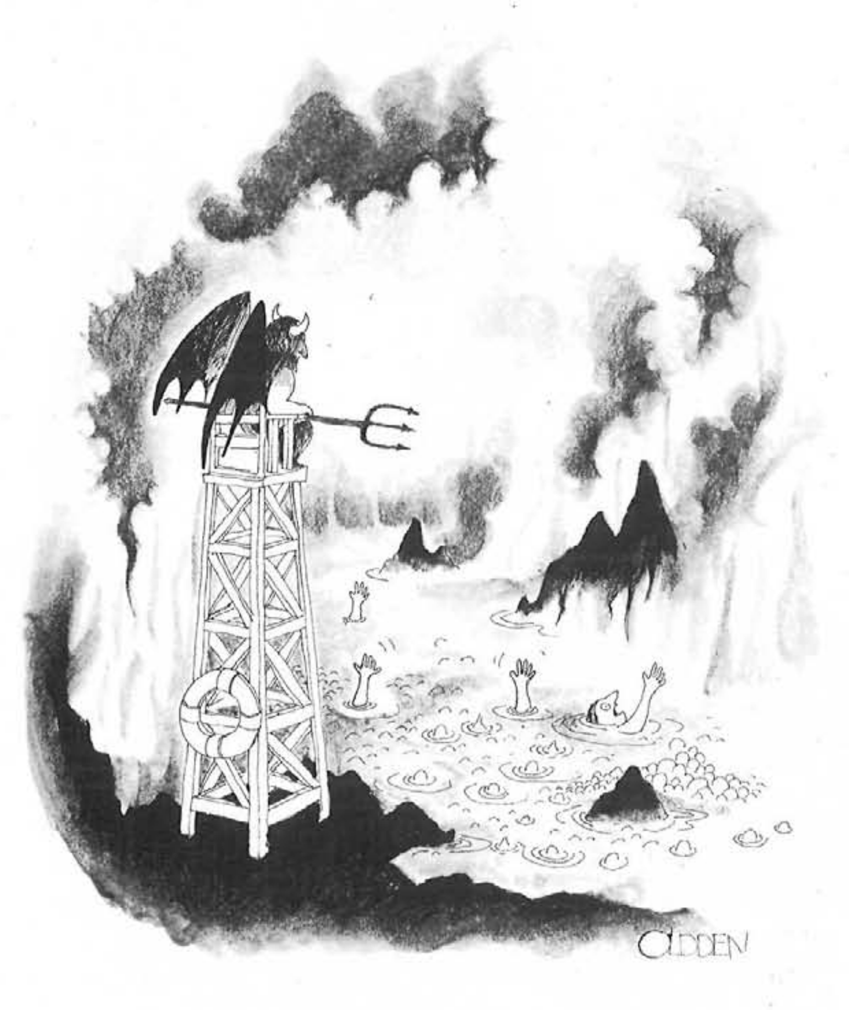
B. Graham
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sirs:

Do you think all men are *alike? I* certainly don't. I mean, some are more alike than *others,* but, on the other hand, some are a lot *less.* What I *mean* is, for example, like my brother Fred. He's much different from my *husband.* My *husband,* you see, is a *prizewinning basset hound,* and my brother, on the other hand, spends all his time *repairing iron lungs in Minneapolis* with that chippy wife of his.

There's a magazine that helps me understand these important differences between men. I *love* that magazine. I guess you could say I'm *That National Lampoon Girl.* You know, sort of fucked up.

H. Gurley Brown
New York, N.Y.



Sirs:

In the last three weeks I have alerted every Federal, state and local official about the imminent invasion of California by the beet people from outer space, but no one will listen. While Capitol Hill sits idly by, these vegetable fiends have already begun massing on our western coastline. I'm sure I don't have to recount the "unexplained" occurrences that have filled the newspapers with blaring headlines . . . the "mysterious" meteor showers over Fresno Beach . . . the death of the last living koala in Decatur, Ill., . . . the "strange" disappearance of my cocker spaniel. The list mounts day by day.

The people here won't listen to my story, either. They just keep giving me more modeling clay. You are our nation's last hope. Take this letter *directly* to the President of the United States and tell him to put all kinds of troops and tanks and things at my personal disposal *immediately!* Also lots of kerosene (I have matches).

N. Bonaparte
Bellevue Hospital
N.Y., N.Y.

Sirs:

I have considered your lawyer's proposed settlement and I accept all terms therein. Alimony must be paid monthly, however. As for the children, I think we should follow our usual practice and race our yachts to Bermuda; the loser will get the brats for Christmas.

E. Sitwell
Fernly-on-the-Grange, England

Dear Perry:

Would you be so kind as to fill our request and sing the songs I like best?

George Lunch
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Who does this T. S. Eliot think he is calling his poems the *Four Quartets?* "Quartet" means "four," right? So "four quartets" means actually sixteen poems, right? So where does he get off giving you only four crummy poems when you pay for sixteen? The ones you get, you can hardly figure out what he's driving at, anyway.

Edmund Wilson
Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

Sirs:

There were two women, and their names were Aholah and Aholabah; in their youth they traveled to Egypt, where they committed whoredoms; there were breasts pressed, and there they bruised the teats of their virginity.

Mona Freedman
San Bernardino, Calif.

□



HORRORSCOPE

Ichthyomancy (ik' the o man' se) n.; Gr. ichthys. The divining of future events through the study of the first fish caught from a newly-thawed stream.

September 1, 1970 (*caviàr*) Hep-to-the-jive classical tunester **Artur Rubinstein** ruffles conservative feathers when hosting Black Panther leaders at fund-raising costume ball. Panthers themselves aggravated during his medley of *Porgy* and *Bess* tunes, and wholesale trashing of Rubinstein apartment follows flap over disappearance of Mrs. Rubinstein, who inadvisedly disguised herself as a television set.

September 5, 1970 (*lamprey*) Ostentatious Onassis ornament **Jacqueline** continues to deny rumors of impending break-up with aging shipping magnate. "After Ari, what man is worthy of me?" she quips to reporters as she attends opera preview with "close friend" Pope Paul VI.

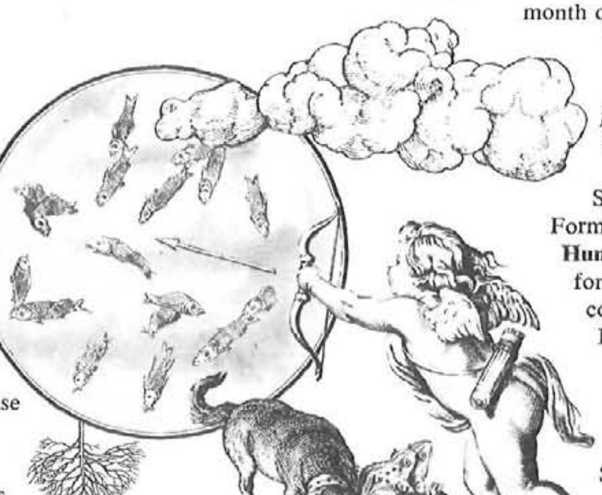
September 6, 1970 (*blowfish*) Tory wog-baiter **Enoch Powell** arouses British House of Parliament with "astounding revelation" that nearly all children born to colored immigrants are colored. In speech reprinted in prestigious *Private Eye* political journal, Powell states that "should the colored birth rate double within the next 10 years, the coming decade will see a frightening 100% increase in colored births."

September 9, 1970 (*redfish*) Shouts of *"Viva Huelga!"* fill the air as Chicano champion **Cesar Chavez** launches massive strike against California prune industry. Asking a nationwide boycott of the popular wrinkled fruit, Chavez observes, "America must make this sacrifice for other, more important movements."

September 11, 1970 (*schnapper*) Slippery and reclusive varsity Nazi **Martin Borman** finally apprehended by Israeli agents in California after relentless 25-year manhunt. Extradition blocked "indefinitely" by Federal authorities, however, due to Borman's long-term position as chauffeur to Governor *Ronald Reagan*. "Gee whiz," quips Reagan, "I mean, it doesn't seem fair to condemn the guy for one little mistake."

September 13, 1970 (*shovelhead*) Decidely incompetent *National Lampoon* executive editor **Henry Nixon Beard** fails to read typesetter's proof of *Lampoon* article implicating him in characteristic secret tryst with two Shetland ponies and retired overshoe.

September 16, 1970 (*grunt*) Asexagenarian FBI bull goose **J. Edgar Hoover** surprises staff with announcement of forthcoming marriage to young widow, thus disproving perennial rumors concerning sexual inadequacy. Announcement concurrent with unusual appearance of a blue moon, month of Sundays and the unexpected freezing over of hell.



September 19, 1970 (*rabbit fish*) **Mike Douglas Show** slated to continue for another season.

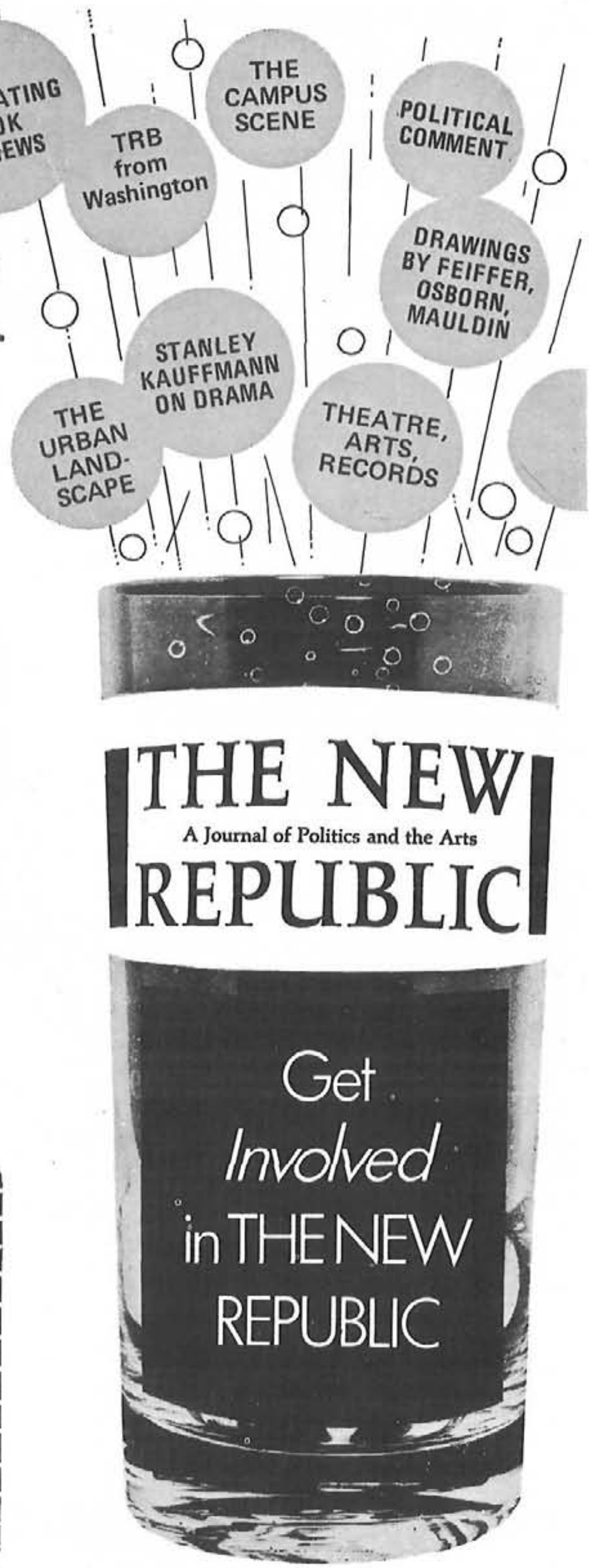
September 24, 1970 (*flounder*) Former Vice-President **Hubert H. Humphrey** pledges to campaign for all Democratic candidates in coming congressional elections. Former Vice-President waits by telephone. Former Vice-President still waiting by telephone.

September 25, 1970 (*anchovy*) Kinky and concupiscent *Cosmopolitan* Magazine's editrix **Helen Gurley Brown** is shown photo proofs of much-heralded male nude foldout of Robert Redfern. Puzzled by full-front pictures, Mrs Brown gasps, "What on earth is *that?*" Hasty poll of entire staff fails to produce any further clarification.

September 26, 1970 (*guitarfish*) Renaissance rock entrepreneur **Al Kooper** displays what he considers "the ultimate supergroup" at Fillmore West to awestruck audience. Combo headliners include ex-Animal **Hilton Valentine,** ex-Archie bassman **Floyd Kuzorsky,** ex-Beatle drummer **Pete Best** and lead vocalist **Bobby Sherman.** □

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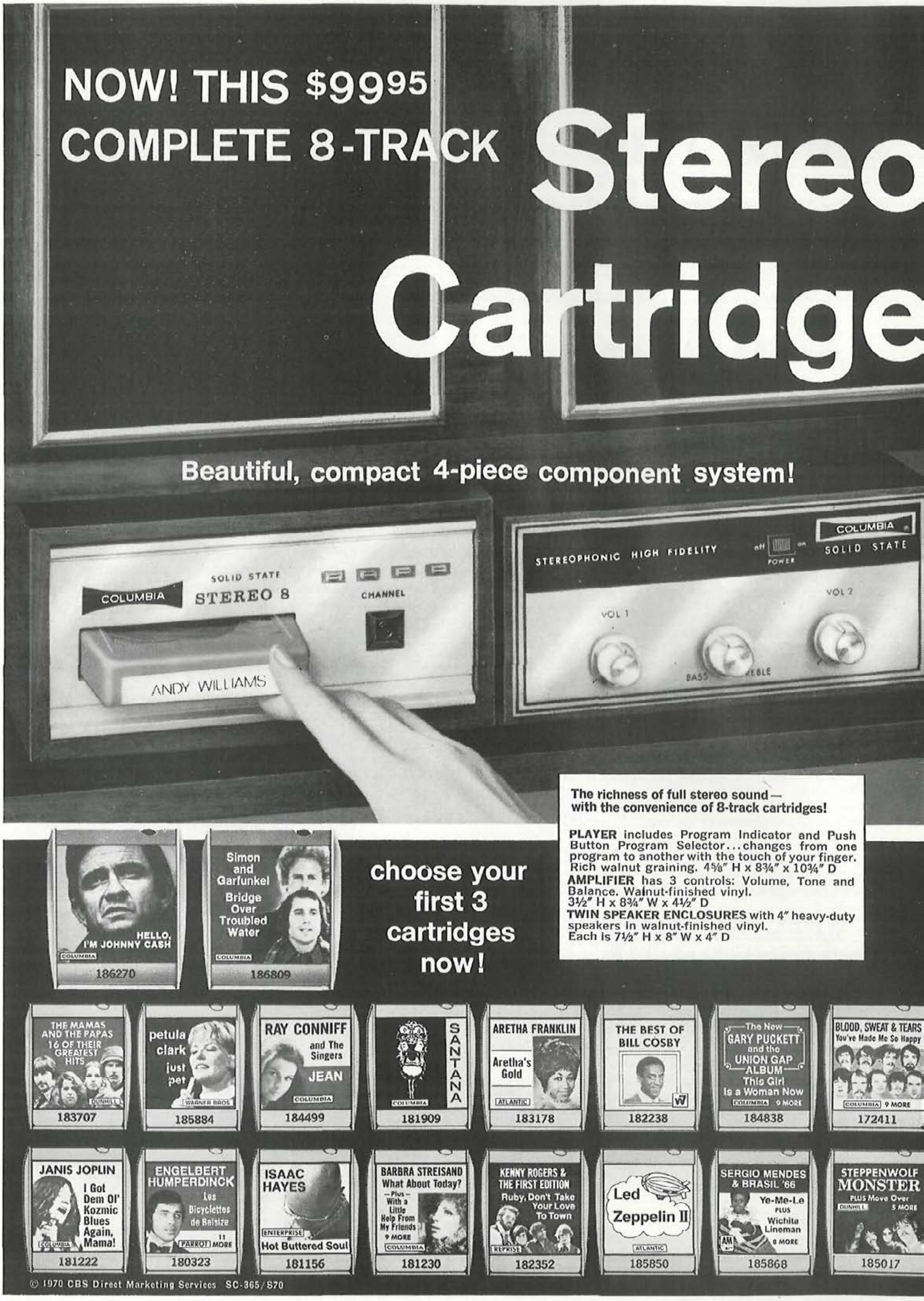
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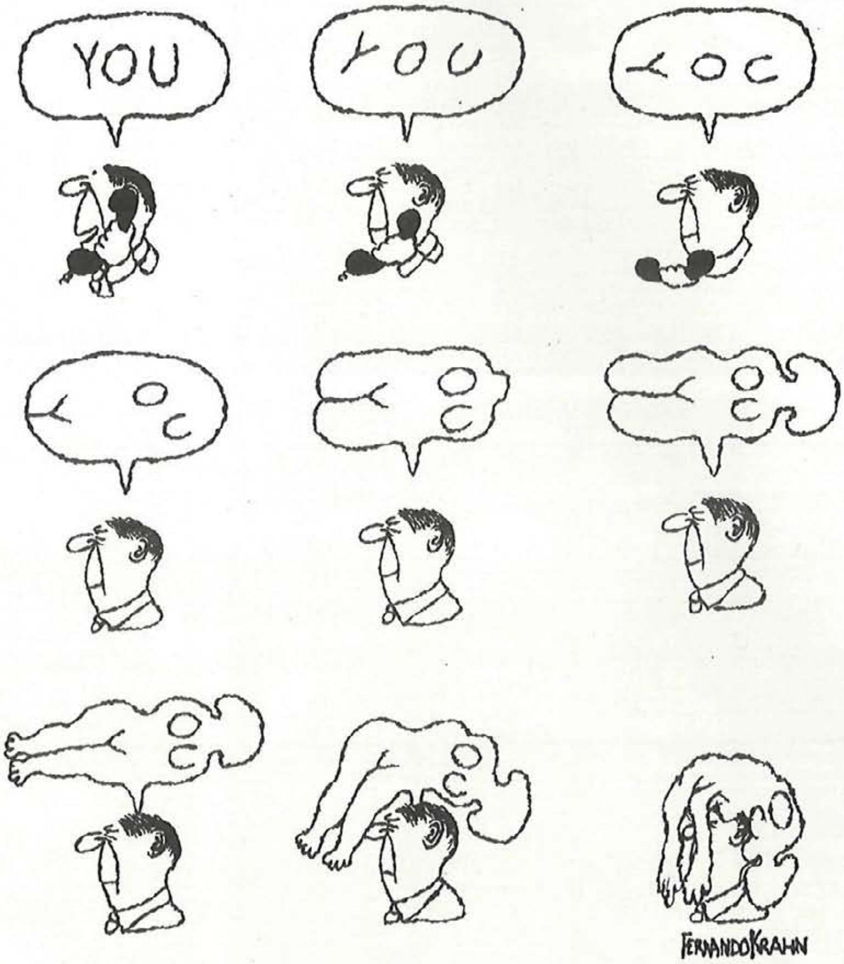
Mrs. Agnew's Diary

Dear Diary,
Spiggy is in such a good mood today! This morning he gave a speech at a fund-raising dinner in Toledo and, as usual, it was a fabulous success! I was there, and everyone just clapped and clapped all the way through it. It was one about how America was just like the Roman Empire and how all the signs point to how we are in trouble because of all the bad people at the gates and how we'd better get smart before the same thing happens to us. I knew Spiggy really felt what he was saying, too, because last year in Rome we went to see the Coliseum and places like that, and Spiggy was extremely upset about the terrible condition all the buildings were in. "Just look at them," he'd say, "nothing but junk and ruins." As we walked around Rome, he continually went "*tsk, tsk*," and shook his head. "Just look at that building," he said, "why, that was probably at one time the most powerful post office or something in the entire world. Now look at it. *Tsk tsk*." Then he looked me in the eye, the way he does when he really means something, and said, "If the Communists think they can do to us what they did to these Wops, they've got another think coming."

And they do, too, because I'm sure that no one who heard Spiggy's speech last night will ever be the same! That's why I can't keep from telling you, Dear Diary, that I had a part in writing that speech. I mean, I don't want to brag or anything, but Spiggy often asks me to help him. He says I give him inspiration.

Well, it was like this. When Spiggy wants to write a speech, he has Juan call up that nice Harvard boy Johnny Helm and tell him to bring his pencils and come over. So Johnny came over and brought me a beautiful bunch of violets (my favorite). Johnny always brings me a little present when he comes over. Then we went into the rumpus room and sat down while Juanita made the Kool-Aid. "Okay, Chief," Johnny said, "who's on the griddle this time?" Spiggy smiled the way he does when he thinks of a good joke and said, "The whole Goddamn bunch this time." Johnny chuckled and said, "We'd better get our 'big gun' ready." "Big gun" is what Johnny calls his copy of *Roget's Thesaurus*. Spiggy took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves and Johnny sat down, polished his glasses on his tie and yelled, "Target!" (When Johnny yells "target," that's the sign to start.)

"The whole Goddamn bunch!" Spiggy yelled back, and Johnny ruffled through the *Thesaurus* and scribbled on his pad of paper. "What is the whole Goddamn bunch doing?" he yelled to Spiggy, who began pacing back and forth with his Kool-Aid, all excited. "The whole Goddamn bunch is ruining the whole Goddamn country!" And I yelled, "Just like the Roman Empire that we saw last year." Johnny turned to me and yelled "Yes!" and scribbled some more and stood up. He read from



his scribbles: "The entire fabric of American society is endangered by a swaggering mob of malicious neo-Goths!"

Spiggy rubbed his hands and smiled the way he does and yelled, even louder, *that that was close, but it could use* some bigger words. Johnny shuffled through the *Thesaurus* again and scribbled while Spiggy had more Kool-Aid. Then Johnny giggled, "Okay, how about, 'The whole tapestry of democratic policy is threatened by a roistering junta of ornery vandals'?" Spiggy closed his eyes and said that was very close, but not quite "classy" enough. "Don't forget, these rubes are from Toledo," he said, "and go really nuts about Republicans that can use big words." "That's why Buckley is so popular," I said. "Right," said Johnny, "that's why Buckley is so popular." "C'mon," Spiggy said, "back to work." Johnny tore off a piece of paper and yelled, "The quintessential warp and woof of Western civilization is pasquinaded by a rambunctious cabal of maleficent thugs!" Spiggy said, "Fine."

That's how the whole session went. Johnny would take the cue from Spiggy and go through his book until they found the right way of saying everything, and I'd put my two cents in every once in a while. When we finished at midnight, Spiggy was really happy with the speech, especially the part I put in about how after the fall of the Roman Empire all these funny kinds of people just camped right around the post offices and things and how that was just like the way we let the hippies come to Washington and camp out all around *our* post offices and things. (From the way Rome looked last year, I don't think their hippies ever picked up *their* mess, either.)

As I have already mentioned, Dear Diary, the speech was wonderfully received and Spiggy says we earned over $300,000 at the dinner. I know that everyone who heard it came away with the same feeling of purpose that I had. It's just wonderful when a speech can be inspirational *and* interesting at the same time. Which Spiggy's always are.

I just wonder if maybe Spiggy shouldn't have changed the part about "the wretched fate of those ancient empire builders" when Johnny was visiting the little boy's room. John Volpe didn't seem to like the part about "the poor dagos of olden times," but Spiggy says that each speech should have his personal mark on it.

I guess that's why I love him, Dear Diary. Wherever Spiggy goes, after he leaves, everyone knows he's been there.

All for now,

Judy

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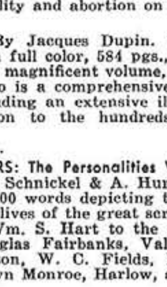


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TRAVEL TOURS OF TOMORROW

By Lawrence Linderman

Getting There is All the Fun

One of the travel industry's most intriguing new ideas is the specialty tour. If your interests so dictate, you can now sign up for such idiosyncratic vacations as two weeks of horseback riding in southern Spain; a bridge cruise to the Orient (on which you'll be taught by professionals and earn Master points); a photo safari through African game preserves; a rock hound tour through mineral-rich Australia, and other singular diversions that range from golfers' weekends in the Bahamas to visiting famed World War II European battlefields. Since the specialty tour is still in its infancy, we look forward to even more sybaritic and evocative expeditions in the future. Trips such as:

The Pancho Villa Memorial Cruise — Board a high-powered hydrofoil in San Diego and then slip down the west coast of Mexico, stopping briefly in picturesque fishing villages to hold up American-owned hotels.

Discover Effluent America — Cruise the Great Lakes and see the latest in industrial sewage. Camera buffs will thrill to such stirring sights as Cleveland's Cuyahoga River, so polluted it catches fire dozens of times each year. Dramatic finale of the journey is the dangerous run across Lake Erie: Can the ship complete the voyage before its bottom rots away?

Woodscotch Festival — A discreet weekend of urbane fun for broadminded married couples over 40 who wish to share intimate alfresco experiences while listening to pop greats Don Ho, Haleloke, Andre Previn and Kostelanetz, Julius La Rosa, Mantovani and the Lennon Sisters. All reservations should be accompanied by candid Polaroid snapshots.

Guerrilla Revolutionary Cruise — Sail to Cuba aboard a People's Garbage Scow. En-route entertainment includes films of the famed July 16 victory parade into Havana, demonstrations of cigar-rolling and radical beard-trimming. Highlight of the trip is a midnight excursion to shut off the water supply at Guantanamo Naval Base.

Trip Trip — Fly to Tangier in a jet guaranteed to be the highest plane in the sky. In-flight diversions include continuous showings of *Fantasia, 2001*, a symposium on how to make LSD at home, plus poetry recitations by Allen Ginsberg, who doubles as tour leader. Hallucinogenic refreshments will be served, as will subpoenas on your return to the U.S.

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The Black Panther Mississippi Gunboat Cruise — Accompany the happy-go-lucky Panthers as they strum, sing, dance and shoot their way into your heart. Glide down Ole Miss in a genuine armor-plated riverboat, dine on such nightly delicacies as roast pig. Stopovers will be made to collect recruits, harangue police and practice small arms firing.

J. Edgar Hoover Magical Mystery Tour — Go anywhere in the United States and turn the tables on godless atheists, pot-smoking marijuana users, commie Reds, egghead intellectuals, felonious car thieves and other up-to-no-goodniks who conspire to sabotage the American Way of Life.

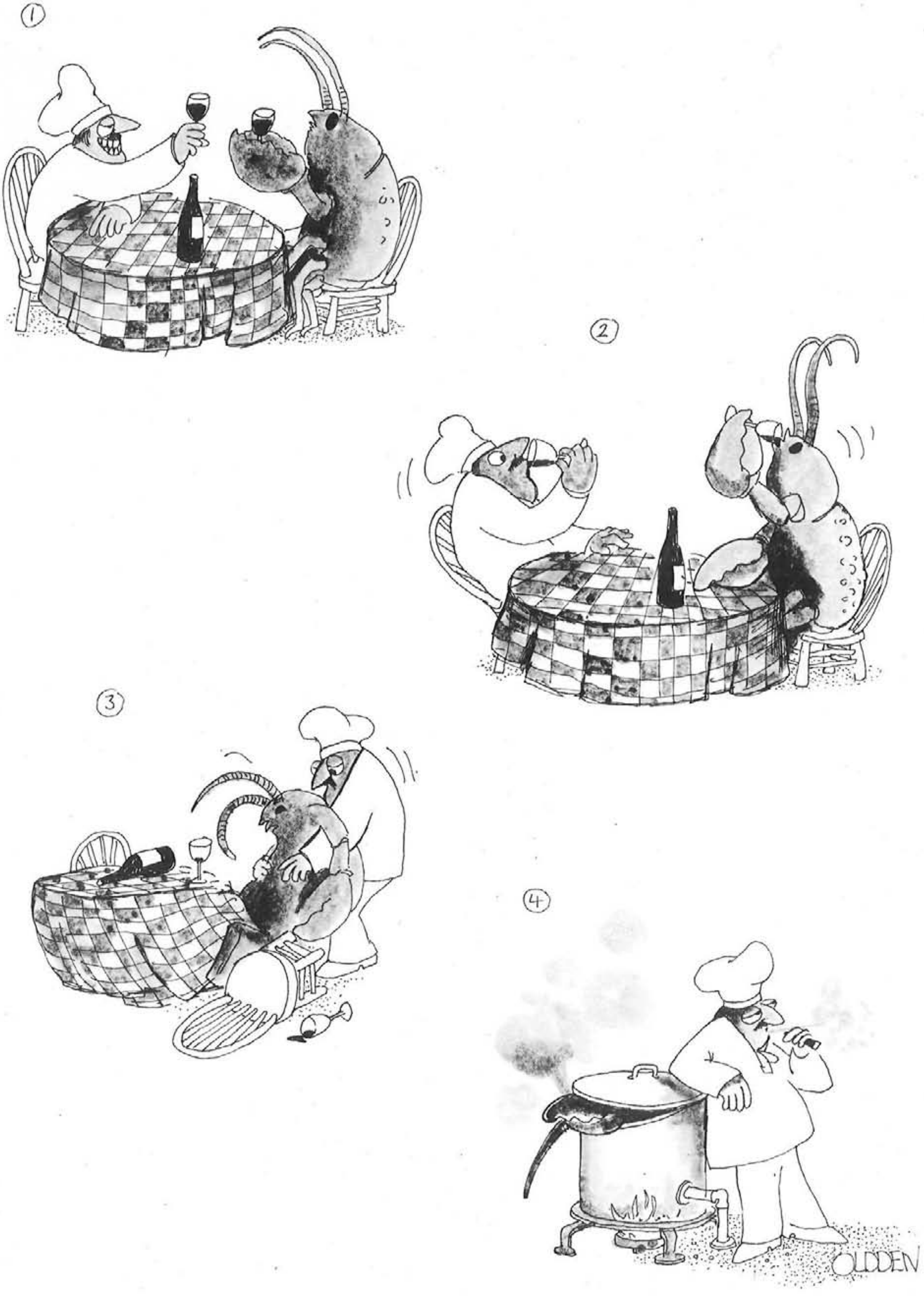
Houston Alcoholics Astro-Toot — The most memorable lost weekend you'll ever not quite recall. Get looped, stagger through the Astroturf, and develop a genuine case of D.T.s when cuddly spiders, ants, bats and other horrific furries are projected on the Astrodome scoreboard.

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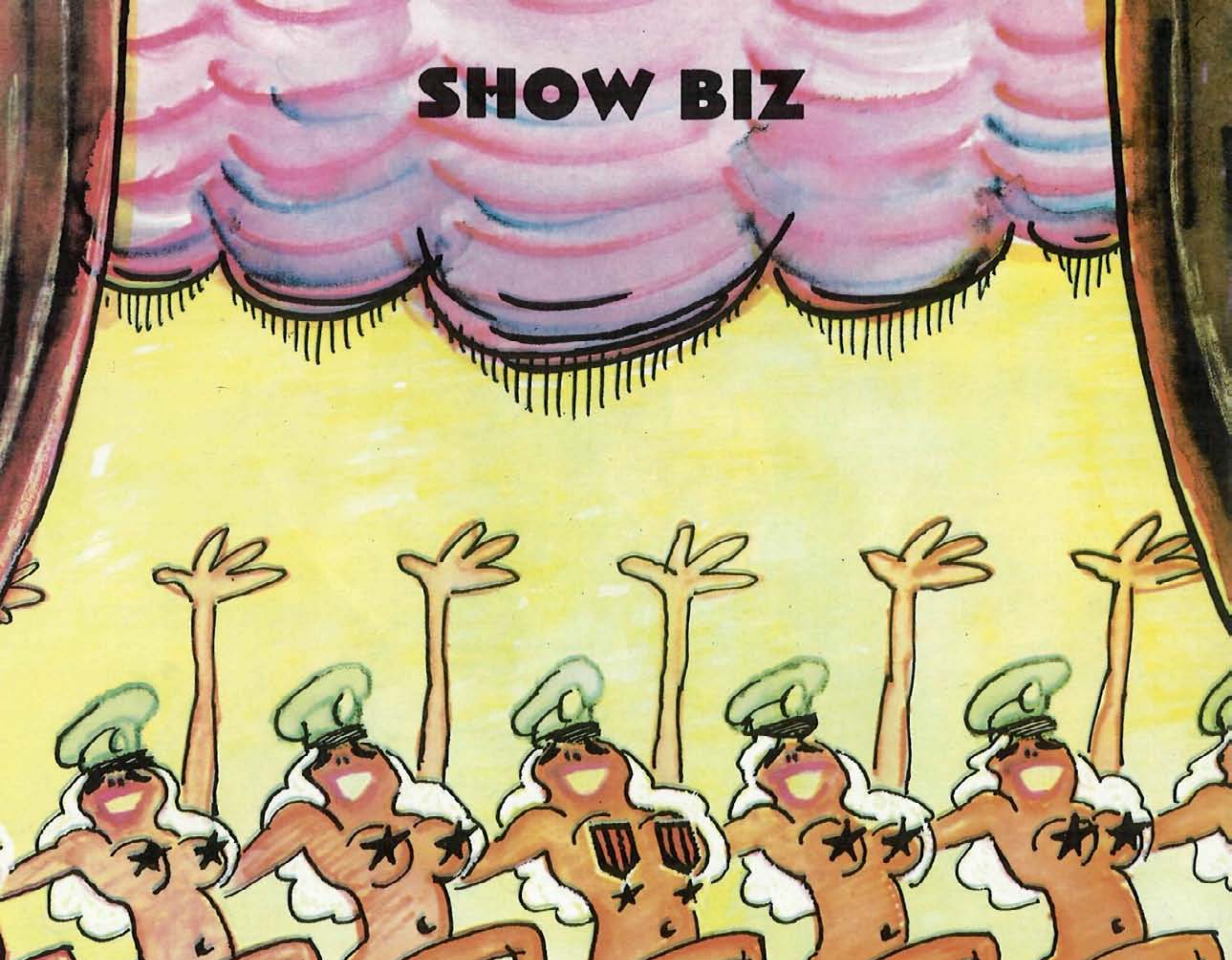
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SHOW BIZ



It used to be that actors and politicians kept to their own turf, save for an occasional exception like John Wilkes Booth. Nowadays Bob Hope is chummy with presidents, Jane Fonda is headlining the protest circuit and Johnny Cash is cashing in on both sides with White House gigs and up-the-kids singles. Now, let's get one thing straight: Show Biz is where you stand in front of a lot of people and mouth a lot of fancy talk for money and power, while in Politics you...oh well.



JOHN AND YOKO UNMASKED

by Robert Goldman

She Was the Apple of His Eye

Throughout the history of human relations there exist certain couples whose love and devotion have transcended the mundane boundaries of ordinary existence to become living monuments. Even today, in this age of sexual liberation, there are still certain love affairs that break through the diamond-hard shell of modern man to light the dark corners of our poor, shriveled souls. Richard and Liz. Ozzie and Harriet. Flatt and Scruggs. And, of course, John and Yoko.

John and Yoko.

How perfectly the names roll off the tongue and fall to the floor with a thud. How utterly righteously right. And yet, there was a time when there was no John and Yoko.

1968. It was hot that summer when suddenly the word leaked out, spilling into the headlines and flooding the world with the news: "MYSTERY WOMAN IN LOVE TRYST WITH BEATLE." "JOHN LENNON LEAVES WIFE FOR MYSTERY WOMAN." "JOHN LENNON DENIES MYSTERY WOMAN STORY." "MYSTERY WOMAN DENIES JOHN LENNON STORY."

The news was hammered home until it left a dull ache. Still, we crossed our fingers and closed our eyes and gobbled up every single word. *Time . . . Life . . . National Review* . . . Sheilah Graham! Now, even the most fervid Beatlemaniac was forced to accept the fact. John Lennon was involved with "another woman."

Yoko Ono.

Who was Yoko Ono? Who was this strange woman with her weird, Oriental ways. And what hold did she have on our John? It didn't take long before we found out more than we ever wanted to know.

"It was the Indica Gallery. I was having a very important show there. It was damn successful. John came the night before the opening. He asked if he could hammer in one of the nails of the *Hammer a Nail In* piece. It's so symbolic, you see."

Yes, the Titans had met. It was Magic Time. Now, behind closed doors, one of the greatest love affairs in all history was getting underway. But love is strange. And strange love is really strange. And this love was not to be fulfilled.

For John was married. Clearly, there was only one decent thing to do. John left for India, leaving his Yoko, and the love that could not be, far behind.

"I went to the Maharishi. Yoko stayed in England. Then, while I was in India, she wrote me these letters—'I'm a cloud. Watch for me in the sky.' I'd get so excited about her letters. There was nuthin' in them that wives or mothers-in-laws could've understood."

John returned from India to find his love for Yoko had become a magnificent, undeniable obsession. Fleeing his wife and child and taking only a small overnight bag, John Lennon left middle-class morality behind to live with his cloud.

Could the man who wrote "I want to hold your hand" relate to the woman who had written *Wall Piece for Orchestra: Hit a wall with your head.* Could a pop singer live the life of one of England's richest and most successful pop artists? Would it be Backstage Beatle, or would Yoko join John? We could almost hear Ed Sullivan . . . "And now, direct from England, the Beatles! John, Paul, George, Ringo and Yoko!"

Little did we know that while we were playing our childish guessing games, John and Yoko were locked deep in thought. For this was a turning point, one of those Great Moments Mr. Big throws into the lives of all of us, once and once only. It was to change the course of history. Someday, scholars will determine the exact moment John and Yoko realized The Truth. The firm, basic, cosmic truth that their love was too big . . . too vital . . . too important for any two people. For a love like theirs must be shared with the world. Anything less would be inexcusable.

"There wasn't any point in just making love secretly. We had to make a film together which had the same vibrations of making love. By being together, John and I are making good vibrations for other people to catch."

Magic night was August 24, 1968 . . . the first public screening of *Number 5,* a film by Yoko Ono starring John Lennon's smile. "Ninety minutes of shit-eating grin," cried the uninitiated. "Ninety minutes of pow!", raved the critics. Quite a triumph for a little girl from Scarsdale, N.Y.

"Conceptually, my new film is a natural progression. We just exist in it. But we do have our first screen kiss."

And now the newspapers were full of John and Yoko. At home with John and Yoko. John and Yoko's art show. John and Yoko jet into Belgium. John and Yoko jet out of Belgium.

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB FILLIE

They had everything going for them, happiness-wise. How tragically ironic the twist of fate about to befall the unsuspecting lovers.

LONDON: John Lennon and girl friend Yoko Ono were arrested today for possession of marijuana. They were rousted out of their flat by police and police dogs, taken to jail and later released.

John and Yoko! Rousted out of their simple apartment ("We sat down around a simple table": *Vogue*) and crucified on a cross of weed.

We had shared their first kiss and now we shared their first bust. We were mad. We were furious. We were ready for anything. And that's exactly what we got. It was a record and it was called *Two Virgins.* On the cover were John and Yoko. Naked. Without any clothes on. The *Two Virgins* album hit America like a ton of chopped liver. Important people in positions of responsibility became outraged. High ranking officials refused to comment. Top social critics accused John and Yoko of being everything from exhibitionists to overweight. But we knew. We knew that in making this album and in showing the world their poo-poos, John and Yoko were merely trying to share their innocence . . . their cosmic beauty . . . their true love with all of us. And at $5.98, that's a bargain.

GIBRALTAR: "On March 20, John Lennon and Yoko Ono were married in a white stone house, both wearing tennis shoes and John carrying a coat of human hair."

They made it legal and the world breathed a sigh of relief. The bashful Beatle has married the beautiful Yoko, born in Japan, raised in Scarsdale, N.Y. (Scarsdale, N.Y.!), who, according to her official biography, "Collected skies, collected seaweed and gave birth to a grapefruit."

Yes, John and Yoko were Mr. and Mrs. Now the Two Virgins could settle down and start raising children, or grapefruit, or whatever. Our story had a simple ending. All you need is love.

"We worked for three months thinking out the most functional approach to boosting peace before we got married."

John and Yoko now found themselves with a new purpose. What they did, they did for Peace. And what did they do? They went to bed.

The Amsterdam bed-in lasted seven days and seven nights. And when they had finished, John looked about him and saw the reporters and TV cameraman and wire services and said it was Good. Then, off to Toronto for another bed-in. And now, the ball was rolling. Timmy Leary was there. Tommy Smothers was there. Even Jackie Susann dropped by. By the end of the bed-in, the newspapers were full of stories. And the bed was full of crumbs.

With the event of bed-in-ism, it seemed the dynamic duo had reached a peak few others could ever hope to attain. Together, they had scaled the heights. Together, they had made the names John and Yoko synonymous with the finest in film, art, peace and sex. Once again, it seemed as if John and Yoko had nowhere further to go. In truth, the best was yet to come.

On September 13, at the Toronto Pop Festival, the world was introduced to the Plastic Ono Band, an event that will certainly stand as a banner night in the history of music. A night that could only be described as *meshugah.*

First, John sang while Yoko crawled in and out of a white sack. Then, when John was finished, Yoko stepped up to the mike and . . . began . . . to . . . sing. Yoko sings!

It was a nifty little ditty and she wrote it herself! "Don't worry, Kyoto, Mummy's only looking for her hand in the snow." For 14 minutes, Yoko screeched, whined, cried and then screeched some more. After which the audience screeched, whined, cried and then screeched some more. A somewhat less than enthusiastic reaction—but so what. So what if Yoko hadn't exactly been a crowd pleaser. Not everybody can be a Barbra Streisand.

Since Toronto, John and Yoko have truly gotten it together. Billboards for peace. Haircuts for peace. Rolls-Royces for peace. And, of course, music for peace. Swinging platters of John clearing his throat and Yoko brushing her teeth. Nothing you can dance to — but what the heck. How can anyone criticize a couple of nice young kids who spend every minute working for peace and love?

And if they happen, along the way, to make a few headlines and pick up a few dollars, can you blame them? Nor can we excuse certain jealous, nasty-minded critics who have called their lives one long fanatical search for publicity.

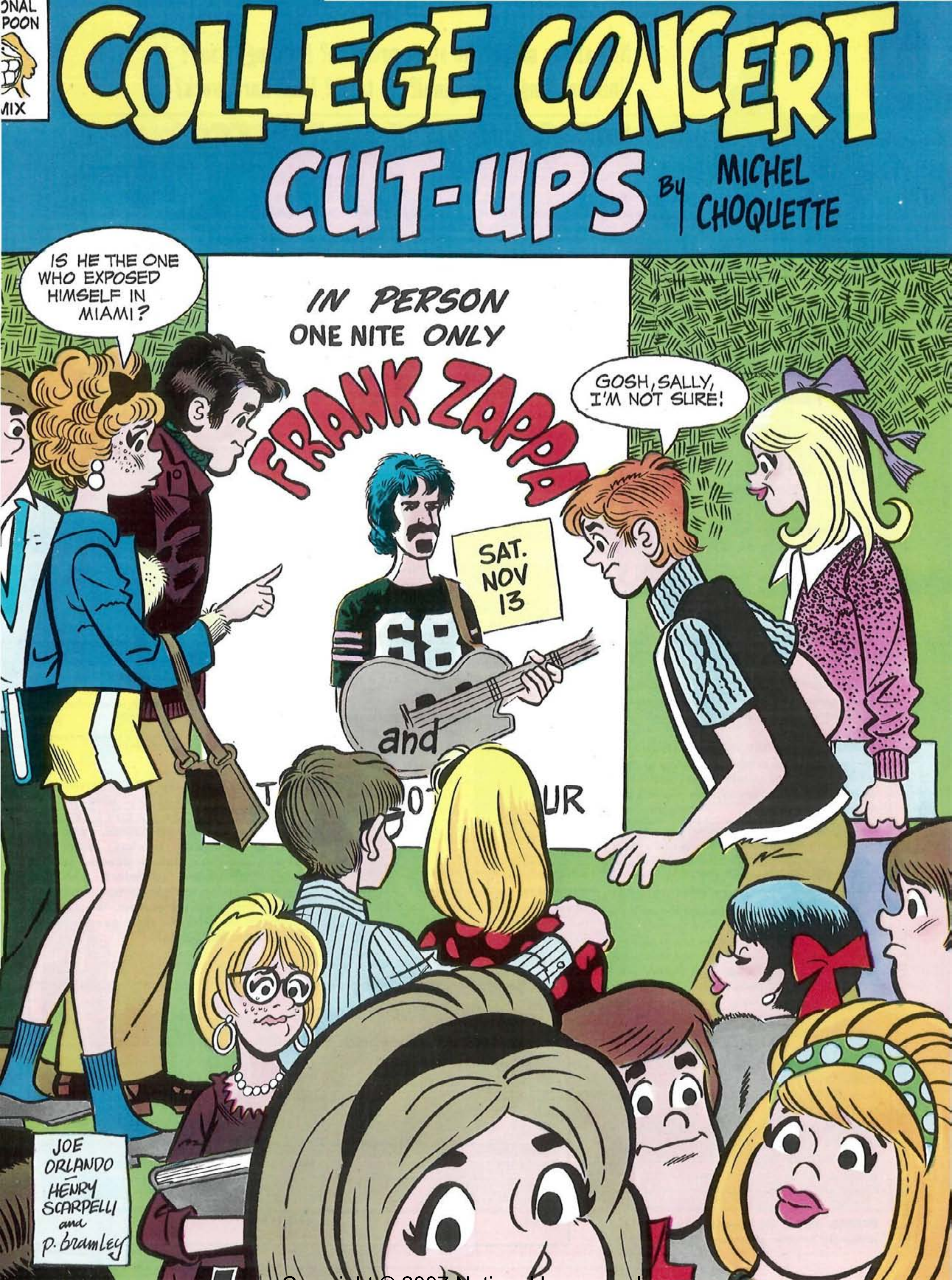
Because we know, in our hearts, that what John and Yoko do they do for peace and love and that in their hearts they're still the same sweet, innocent, unassuming kids who first won our hearts in that hot summer of 1968.

LONDON: John Lennon has been cast to play Jesus Christ in an upcoming London play. The part of Mary Magdalen will be played by his wife, Yoko Ono.

Oh, well. It's just another cross they'll have to bear. □



"It's a deal. You get the Brooklyn Bridge and I get the banana."



COLLEGE CONCERT CUT-UPS
By MICHEL CHOQUETTE
IS HE THE ONE WHO EXPOSED HIMSELF IN MIAMI?
IN PERSON
ONE NITE ONLY
FRANK ZAPPA
SAT. NOV 13
68
and
GOSH, SALLY, I'M NOT SURE!
JOE ORLANDO
HENRY SCARPELLI
and
P. Bramley



No ear for music? No stage presence? Nothing to say?
Uninteresting? Unoriginal? No taste? Hate hard work?

WE COULDN'T CARE LESS!

The William Mucus Agency offers *You*

101 CAREERS IN SHOW BUSINESS

You'd be surprised to learn how little talent is really necessary for a successful show business career. With hardly any effort or ability at all, YOU can find yourself in the limelight! What we did for MERV GRIFFIN, ZSA ZSA GABOR and AL KOOPER, we can do for YOU. Just look over this PARTIAL LIST of showbiz employment opportunities and see how many you could qualify for. . . .

EQUIPMENT MANAGERS. For rock groups. You will be expected to wander about the stage throughout the performance, fiddling around with amplifiers, checking to see that the microphones and sound columns are still there, and generally letting the audience know that you are a personal friend of the group.

LEAD TAMBOURINE. Excellent female job opportunity. Sense of rhythm helps but other senses optional.

TOKEN HIPPIES. Ever-growing opportunities in talent agencies, PR firms, radio stations, newspapers and other media. Act now, while long hair is still "in"!

CONCERT COUGHERS. Create atmosphere and attract attention by coughing or rustling programs for major symphony orchestras. Start with outdoor afternoon concerts in the park, work your way up to live radio broadcasts.

LINER-NOTE WRITERS. To qualify, you must know the following expressions: "Jazz came up the Mississippi," "A really together group just doing their thing," "The rest is history."



CRITICS. If your friends say you have a great many opinions, you too can be a critic. You must be able to read and write, unless you plan to stick to pop music reviews. Learn these phrases: "Fails to catch fire," "A singer to be reckoned with."

AIDE TO STEVIE WONDER. Soul singer needs someone to get on stage and give him back his cane when he drops it. Whites preferred.

COURIERS. Hand over the sealed envelopes at the Academy Awards. (Have you ever been refused a bond?)

ALTAR BOYS. Play a part in the biggest show of all.

UNDERGROUND ROCK STATION DJ's. Do you mumble a lot? Do you leave sentences hanging in midair? Why not cash in on your bad speech habits?

EXTRAS. Do you like being in the sun and being surrounded by other performers? Then why not become an extra in Biblical epics. No orientals, please.

SUBTITLE WRITERS. If you have a vague knowledge of some other language and an even vaguer knowledge of spelling, you can write subtitles for foreign movies.

"BEFORES." If you are only reasonably grotesque in personal appearance (too fat, too thin, totally bald, pimples, etc.), you could have fun and make money as the BEFORE in ads for exercisers, hair restorers, etc.



BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. For penthouse party TV shows. You must be able to smile continuously, laugh at all jokes indiscriminately and act perfectly at home with well-groomed Negroes. Prepare for audition, a line or two of sparkling conversation, like "Dynamite!", or "Absolutely fantastic!"

PUBLICISTS. You could become a familiar figure on on the streets of New York or Hollywood, meccas of the entertainment world, by distributing free tickets for television shows.

PAGE TURNERS. If you have clean fingernails and use a good deodorant, you can turn pages for famous concert pianists.



DAYTIME TV QUIZ SHOW HOSTS. We are looking for people with good teeth, loud voices and jarring, repetitive laughs. If you know the usual mother-in-law jokes, your chances are excellent. Soon you could be signing autographs at supermarket openings!

LOOK-ALIKES. Win money and prizes in contests. Who could you pass for?

These are only a few of the terrific job opportunities you can take advantage of in show business. We are also looking for theater washroom attendants, accordion players, groupies, jukebox repairmen, drama teachers, talent agents, ushers, pages, clapboard operators, cue-card holders, orchestra conductors, doormen — the list is almost endless. We can put you in touch with the right people to get these jobs immediately.

Write, phone or wire us TODAY.

The William Mucus Agency
New York, Hollywood, Saigon

Please Print

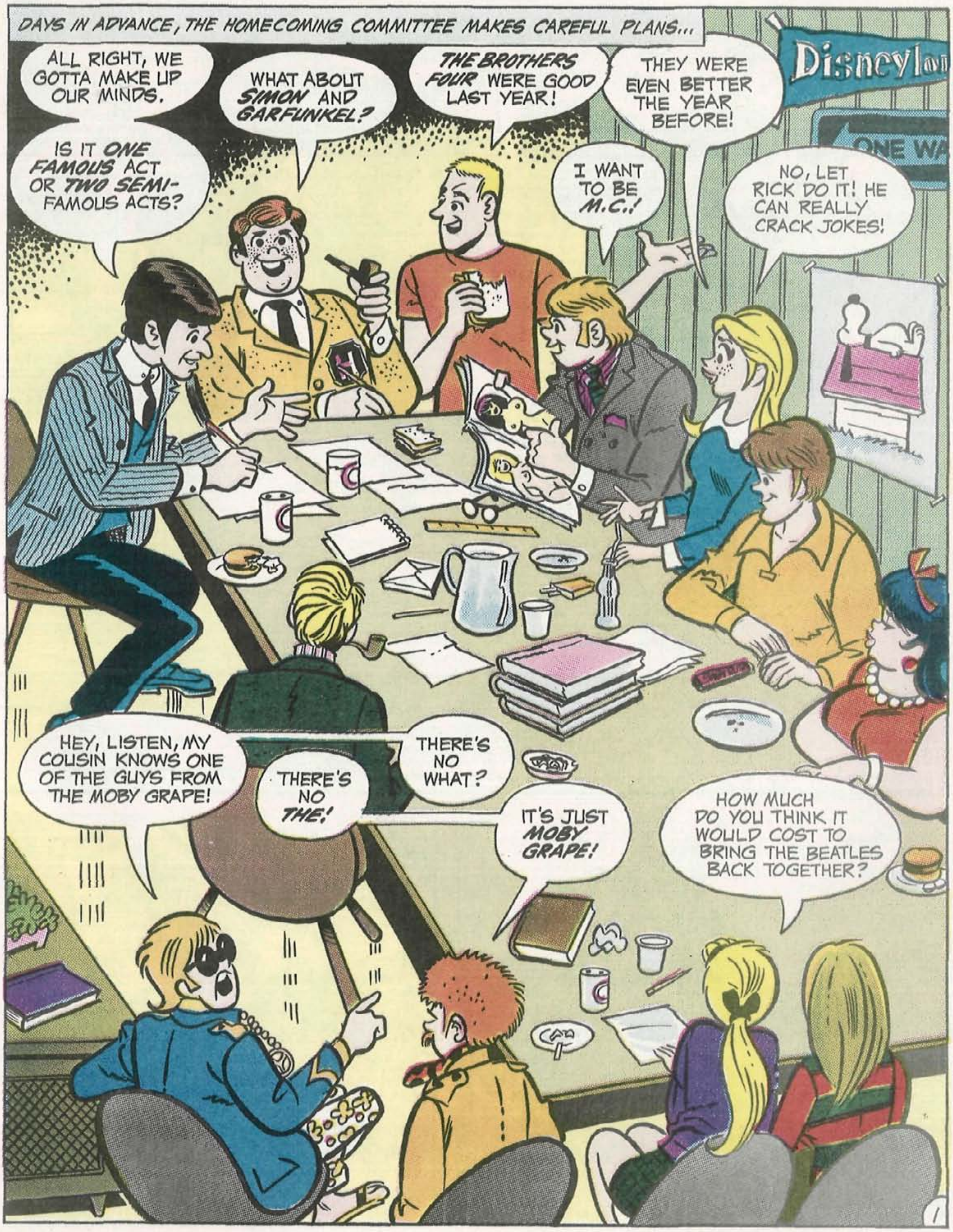
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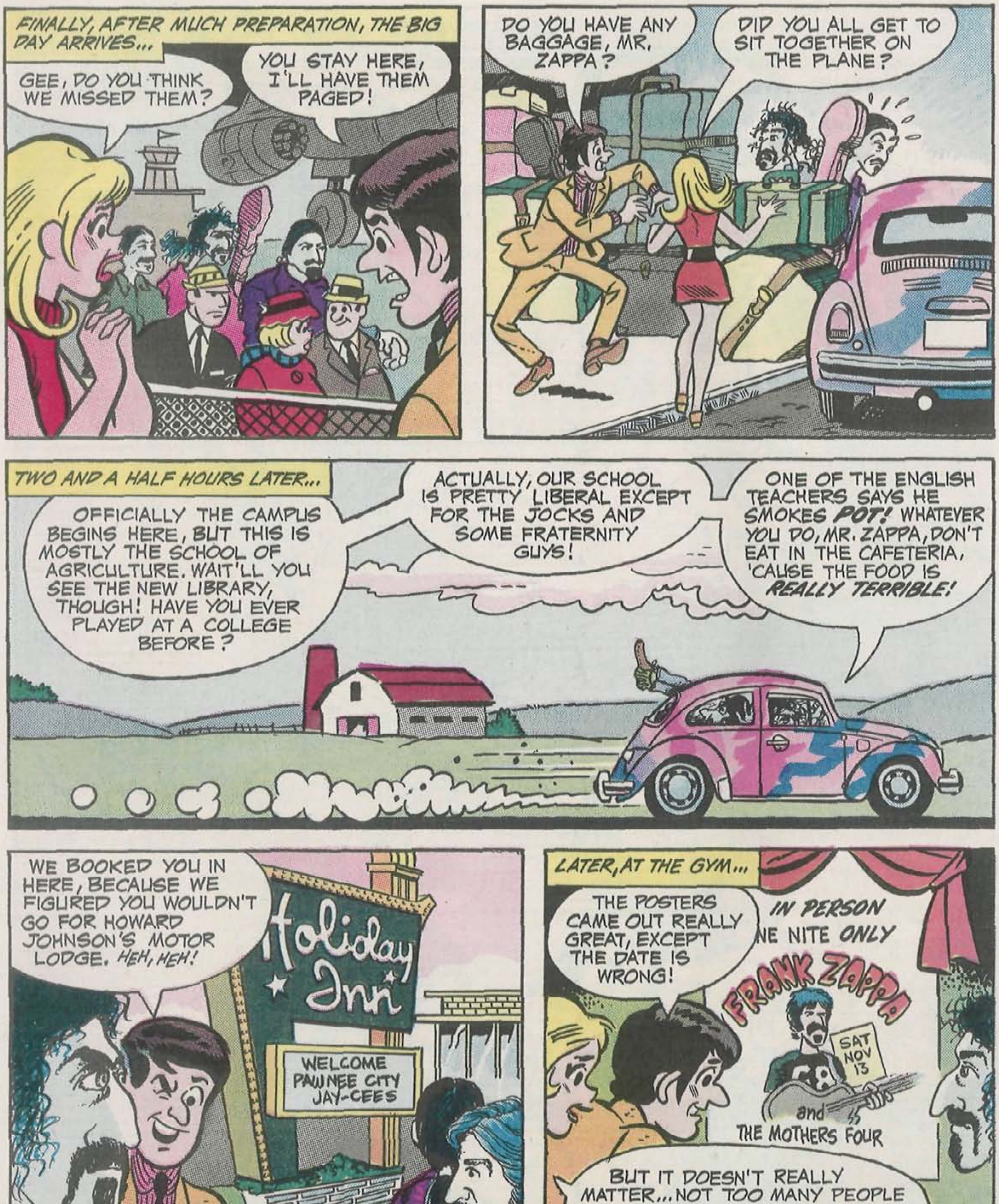
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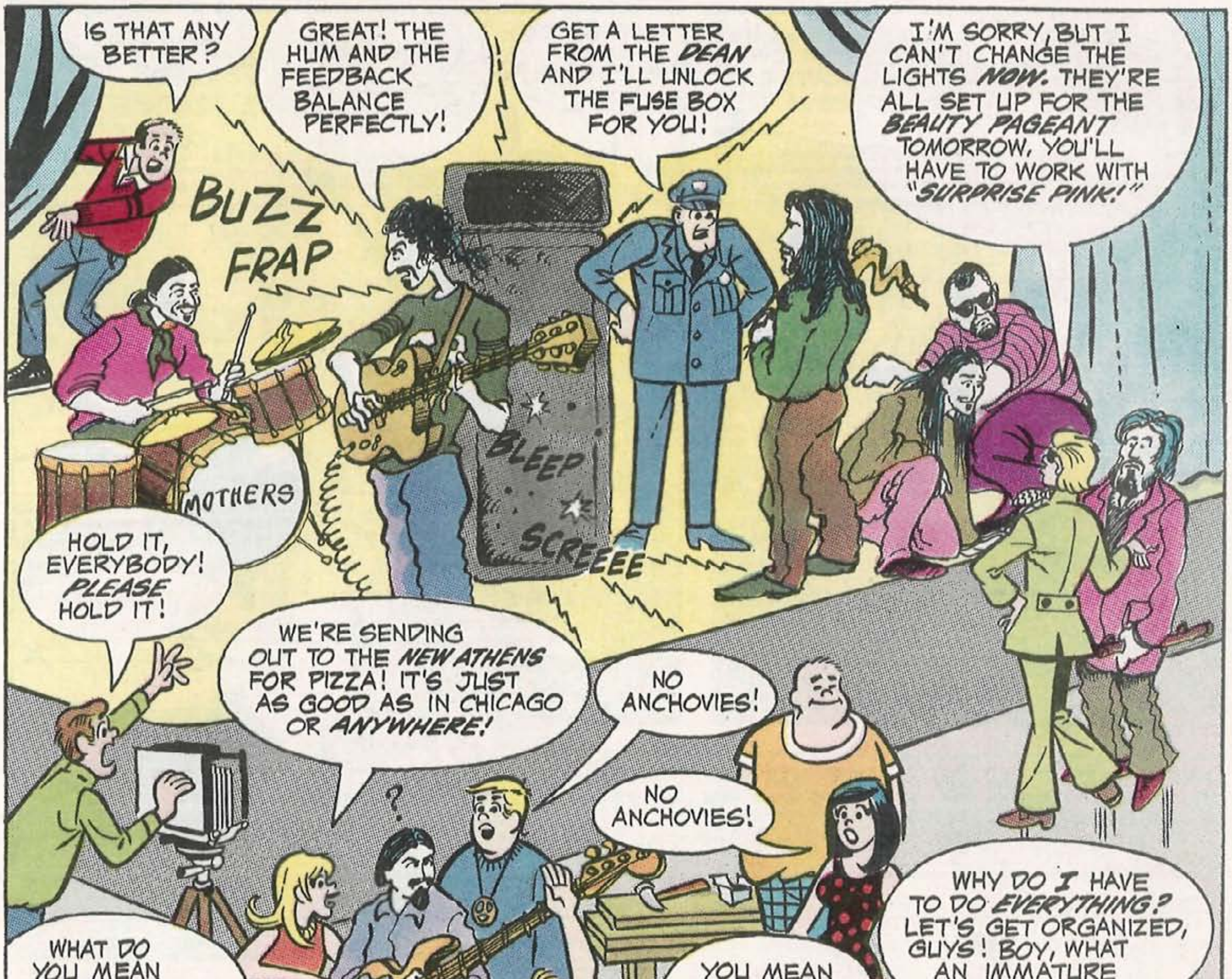
City ____________ State ____________ ZIP ____________

Age ____________ Phone ____________

BY SEAN KELLY AND MICHEL CHOQUETTE


DAYS IN ADVANCE, THE HOMECOMING COMMITTEE MAKES CAREFUL PLANS...
ALL RIGHT, WE GOTTA MAKE UP OUR MINDS.
IS IT ONE FAMOUS ACT OR TWO SEMI-FAMOUS ACTS?
WHAT ABOUT SIMON AND GARFUNKEL?
THE BROTHERS FOUR WERE GOOD LAST YEAR!
THEY WERE EVEN BETTER THE YEAR BEFORE!
Disneylan
ONE WA
I WANT TO BE M.C.!
NO, LET RICK DO IT! HE CAN REALLY CRACK JOKES!
HEY, LISTEN, MY COUSIN KNOWS ONE OF THE GUYS FROM THE MOBY GRAPE!
THERE'S NO WHAT?
THERE'S NO THE!
IT'S JUST MOBY GRAPE!
HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK IT WOULD COST TO BRING THE BEATLES BACK TOGETHER?
1


FINALLY, AFTER MUCH PREPARATION, THE BIG DAY ARRIVES...
GEE, DO YOU THINK WE MISSED THEM?
YOU STAY HERE, I'LL HAVE THEM PAGED!
DO YOU HAVE ANY BAGGAGE, MR. ZAPPA?
DID YOU ALL GET TO SIT TOGETHER ON THE PLANE?
TWO AND A HALF HOURS LATER...
OFFICIALLY THE CAMPUS BEGINS HERE, BUT THIS IS MOSTLY THE SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE. WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE NEW LIBRARY, THOUGH! HAVE YOU EVER PLAYED AT A COLLEGE BEFORE?
ACTUALLY, OUR SCHOOL IS PRETTY LIBERAL EXCEPT FOR THE JOCKS AND SOME FRATERNITY GUYS!
ONE OF THE ENGLISH TEACHERS SAYS HE SMOKES *POT!* WHATEVER YOU DO, MR. ZAPPA, DON'T EAT IN THE CAFETERIA, 'CAUSE THE FOOD IS *REALLY TERRIBLE!*
WE BOOKED YOU IN HERE, BECAUSE WE FIGURED YOU WOULDN'T GO FOR HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTOR LODGE. HEH, HEH!
Holiday Inn
WELCOME PAWNEE CITY JAY-CEES
LATER, AT THE GYM...
THE POSTERS CAME OUT REALLY GREAT, EXCEPT THE DATE IS WRONG!
IN PERSON
NE NITE ONLY
FRANK ZAPPA
SAT NOV 13
and
THE MOTHERS FOUR
BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER... NOT TOO MANY PEOPLE ARE COMING, ANYWAY. THEY'RE ALL TIRED FROM LAST NIGHT'S *HAYRIDE!*
2


IS THAT ANY BETTER?
GREAT! THE HUM AND THE FEEDBACK BALANCE PERFECTLY!
GET A LETTER FROM THE DEAN AND I'LL UNLOCK THE FUSE BOX FOR YOU!
I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T CHANGE THE LIGHTS NOW. THEY'RE ALL SET UP FOR THE BEAUTY PAGEANT TOMORROW. YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK WITH "SURPRISE PINK!"
BUZZ
FRAP
BLEEP
SCREEEE
MOTHERS
HOLD IT, EVERYBODY! PLEASE HOLD IT!
WE'RE SENDING OUT TO THE NEW ATHENS FOR PIZZA! IT'S JUST AS GOOD AS IN CHICAGO OR ANYWHERE!
NO ANCHOVIES!
?
NO ANCHOVIES!
WHY DO I HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING? LET'S GET ORGANIZED, GUYS! BOY, WHAT AN IMMATURE COMMITTEE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN CHAIRS? AREN'T WE GOING TO DANCE?
YOU MEAN ALL THE OUTLETS ARE DC?
H
3

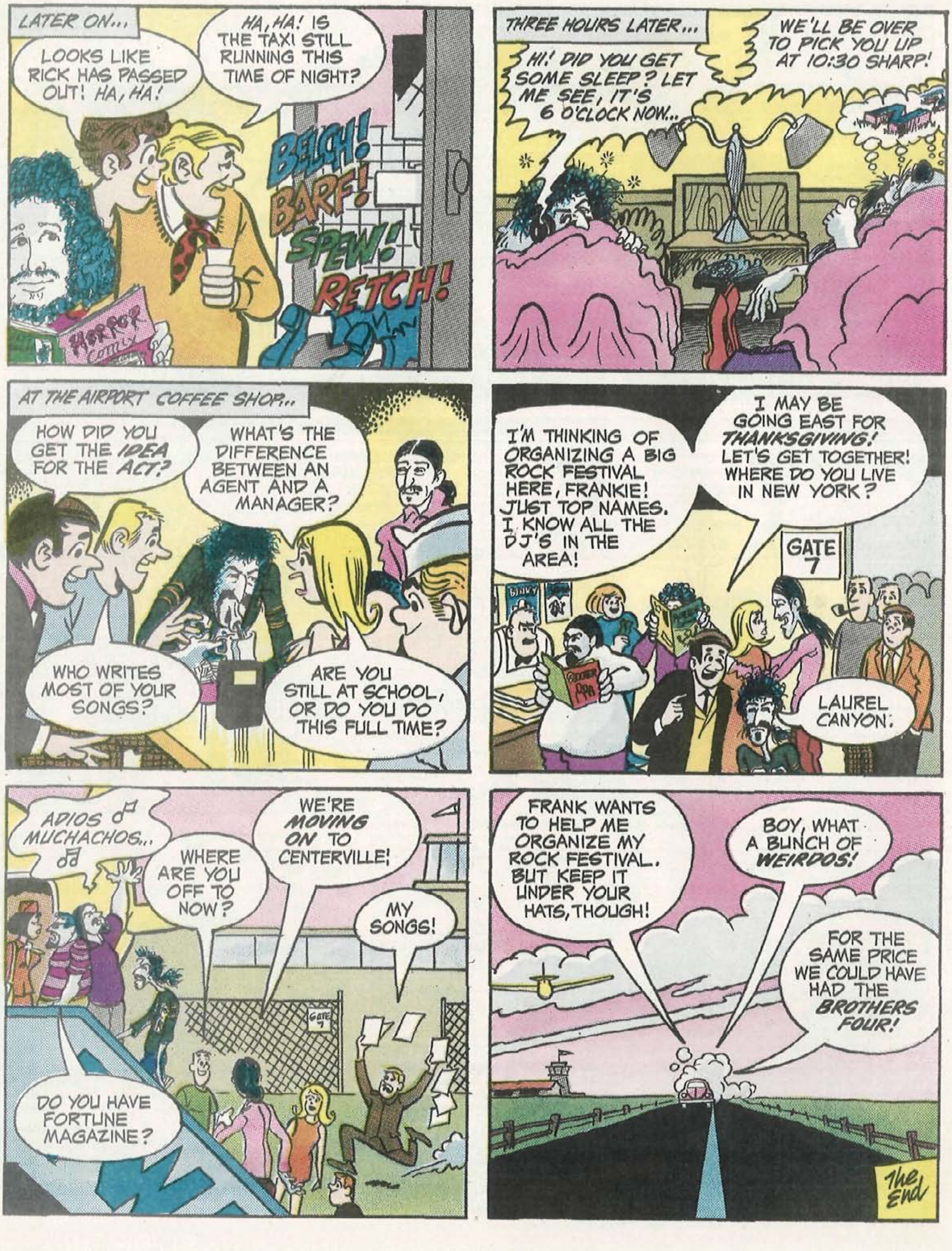

GET A LETTER FROM THE DEAN AND I'LL UNLOCK THE LOCKER ROOM!
GEE, MR. ZAPPA, I'M SORRY, I JUST CAN'T GET ANY COOPERATION AROUND HERE!
LOCKER ROOM
GO TEAM PULVERIZE PEORIA
WHAT DO YOU WANT ON YOUR PIZZA?
NO MAYONNAISE!
YOU'RE ON!! YOU'RE ON!!
GET A LETTER FROM THE DEAN AND I'LL UNLOCK THE SOAP!
AND NOW, GETTING ON TOP OF THINGS, AS LIBERACE SAID TO TINY TIM... HEH, HEH...
...LET'S HAVE A BIG HAND FOR A REALLY WAY-OUT GROUP... FRED ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS!
DON'T FORGET THE SORORITY SLAVE AUCTION IN THE UNION TOMORROW. AND IF ANYONE STILL HASN'T ORDERED COPIES OF THE SWIMMING TEAM PHOTOGRAPHS, SPEAK TO HARVEY KLINE BEFORE MONDAY!
I ALSO HAVE A FEW ANNOUNCEMENTS TO MAKE ABOUT TICKETS FOR THE SAMUEL BECKETT FESTIVAL BEFORE I TALK ABOUT NEXT WEEK'S BLOOD DRIVE...
4



PLASTIC PEOPLE... YOU'RE SUCH A DRAG!
OTHERS
THEY'RE BETTER ON RECORDS!
BOY, HE'S REALLY PUTTING DOWN THE SQUARES!
HEY, THIS ISN'T THE BROTHERS FOUR!
THEY'RE BETTER LIVE THAN ON RECORDS!
IT'S ALL A PUT-ON!
HAVE THEY EVER HAD A HIT RECORD?
GO, MAN, GO!
WHY DO THEY HAVE TO PLAY SO *LOUD?*
WOW! WHAT A BEAT!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING AFTER?
LATER, AFTER THE CONCERT...
HEY, I'M THE ONE WHO GIVES HIM THE CHECK!
AW, C'MON! YOU'VE BEEN WITH HIM *ALL DAY!*
RIP!
5


WOULD IT BE TOO SQUARE TO ASK FOR AN AUTOGRAPH FOR MY KIDS?
HEY, THE PIZZA'S COLD!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE GOVERNMENT?
I THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY!
HEY, MAYBE YOU COULD WRITE A PIECE FOR THE CRIMSON CRIER! I'LL ASK THE EDITOR, BUT I'M SURE IT'S OKAY!
JUST DON'T MAKE IT TOO LONG, OR USE DIRTY WORDS. NOT THAT WE CARE...
DID YOU EVER TAKE LESSONS?
900 MILES, 900 MILES, 900 MILES, YOU'RE 900 MILES FROM YOUR HOME... 800 MILES, 800 MILES...
DO YOUR TUNES EVER COME OUT THE SAME WAY TWICE?
DID THE PIZZA EVER GET HERE?
LET'S ALL GO TO THE JOLLY COACHMAN!


SHORTLY...
THIS ISN'T MUCH COMPARED TO THE PLACES YOU GUYS GO TO!
HOW LATE DO BARS STAY OPEN IN NEW YORK, MR. ZAPPA?
Mets
LOOK! LOOK! TINY TIM! HA! HA!
BEAUTIFY AMERICA: GET A HAIRCUT!
IN GOD WE TRUST, ALL OTHERS PAY CASH!
CHIPS
IT'S ELEVEN O'CLOCK, AND WE END ANOTHER DAY OF REGULAR BROADCASTING.
WHY DON'T WE GO STRAIGHT TO THE PARTY?
AT THE PARTY, THINGS START TO SWING...
ANOTHER BREW, FRANKIE?
I HAVE SOME ANTIPOLLUTION SONGS I WROTE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THEM?
YEAH, SURE... SOMETIME!
COME SIT BY MY SIDE, COME... UMM... UMM... DUMM... CHANGES!!
WHERE DO YOU GUYS BUY YOUR CLOTHES?
SOME CHOPPER EH?
WHAT'S YOUR SIGN?
I DON'T HAVE ONE!
HAVE YOU EVER MET THE BEACH BOYS?
I WAS LOOKING AT THE MOTORCYCLE, ACTUALLY!
DEAN MARTIN DOESN'T REALLY DRINK THAT MUCH, DOES HE?
IS THERE MORE ACTION IN NEW YORK, OR OUT ON THE COAST?
IS BOBBY DYLAN REALLY JEWISH?
ARE THOSE REAL CIGARETTES, OR YOU-KNOW-WHAT?
IS WRESTLING FIXED?
I'D BETTER GO, RICK. I HAVE A LAB IN THE MORNING!
THAT'S OKAY! I'LL DRIVE THEM HOME LATER ON!
7


LATER ON...
LOOKS LIKE RICK HAS PASSED OUT! HA, HA!
HA, HA! IS THE TAXI STILL RUNNING THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
BELCH! BARF! SPEW! RETCH!
HORROR COMIX
THREE HOURS LATER...
HI! DID YOU GET SOME SLEEP? LET ME SEE, IT'S 6 O'CLOCK NOW...
WE'LL BE OVER TO PICK YOU UP AT 10:30 SHARP!
AT THE AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP...
HOW DID YOU GET THE IDEA FOR THE ACT?
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN AGENT AND A MANAGER?
WHO WRITES MOST OF YOUR SONGS?
ARE YOU STILL AT SCHOOL, OR DO YOU DO THIS FULL TIME?
I'M THINKING OF ORGANIZING A BIG ROCK FESTIVAL HERE, FRANKIE! JUST TOP NAMES. I KNOW ALL THE DJ'S IN THE AREA!
I MAY BE GOING EAST FOR THANKSGIVING! LET'S GET TOGETHER! WHERE DO YOU LIVE IN NEW YORK?
GATE 7
LAUREL CANYON.
ADIOS MUCHACHOS...
WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO NOW?
WE'RE MOVING ON TO CENTERVILLE!
MY SONGS!
DO YOU HAVE FORTUNE MAGAZINE?
FRANK WANTS TO HELP ME ORGANIZE MY ROCK FESTIVAL. BUT KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HATS, THOUGH!
BOY, WHAT A BUNCH OF WEIRDOS!
FOR THE SAME PRICE WE COULD HAVE HAD THE BROTHERS FOUR!
The End

THE COMEDIAN'S WIRE SERVICE



Have you ever wondered how it is that politicians, important priests, IBM executives, college deans, judges and television doctors always manage to have such maddeningly up-to-date jokes at their fingertips? . . . jokes as hot as the news? And have you ever noticed that these jokes display a certain sinister uniformity?

In an unprecedented scoop, we are able to expose the source of these jokes: a highly exclusive, top-secret wire service available only to the upper echelons of the establishment, supplying them with up-to-the-minute jokes straight off the wires!

The following was stolen at great risk from a closely guarded room in the Capitol to which no outsiders are admitted (with the exception of David Frost and John Kenneth Galbraith). Now see what makes a general look like Bob Hope! And vice versa! (*continued*)

by tony hendra

PHOTO: UPI

THREATENS LEGAL
ACTION AGAINST MILIT
ARY INSTALL ATIONS SOON.
LAX 83

\- - - - -

TUES 1902
FURTHER RAIDS B Y I
SRAELI TROOPS INTO JOR
DAN REPRISAL FOR ARAB A
TTACKS YESTERDAY ON ISRAELI
POSITIONS
HAI 31

\- - - - -

TUES 245
SENATE COMMITTEE ON F
INANCE VOTES EXTENSION OF
SURCHARGE TAX
WASH 3

\- - - - -

TUES 2000
WOMEN'S LIBERATION GR
OUPSPLAN MASSIVE DEMONSTRA
TIONS TOMORROW AGAINST
PLAYBOY CLUBS AC
ROSS NATION
NY 945

\- - - - -

TUES 2135
EX-V-P HUBERT HUM
PHREY ATTACSK GOVERNM
ENT FISCAL POLICIES AS IR
RESPONSIBLE IN SPEECH TO
STUDENTS.
MINN 43

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XFL IN THE LAST W
AR HE SERVED AS A HOS
TAGE.

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THIS EYE FO R AND EYE
AND TOOTH FOR A TOOTH ST
UFF HAS GOTTA STOP.
WHAT WE'RE GONNA END UP W
ITH IS A BUNCHA BLIND
GUYS GUMMING ONE ANOTHER TO
DEATH.

\- - - - -

THIS I NEED LIKE I NEED
A HOLE IN TH
E HEAD

\- - - - -

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHA
T DOES CHRISTINE JOR
GENSEN DO -- THROW A PICKETL
INE ROUND HERS
ELF?

\- - - - -

HUBERT H
HUMPHREY I NEED HIMLIK
EINEED A HOL
EINTHEHEAD

\- - - - -

TUES 1853
PRIME MIN
ISTER HEATH OF ENGLAN
D CONDEMNS FURTHER IN
VOLVMENT BY US IN S-E
ASIA IN SPEECH TO
PAR LIAMENT
LON 45

\- - - - -

TUES 1104
SENATOR FULBRIGHT ARKANS
AS ENTEER HOSPITAL FOR
CHECK UP NO CAUSE FOR A
LARM.
WASH 5

\- - - - -

WED 103
MAYOR LINDSAY NEW YORK
PAYS MIDNIGHT VISIT TO
BEDFORD STUYVESANT
SECTION OF BROOKLYN TO
QUELL TROUBLE OVER SH
OOTING BETWEEN POLICE
AND ALLEGED BLACK PA
NTHERS
NY 412

\- - - - - - -

WED 405
MEXICAN AIRLINE DC-9
CRASHES IN YUCATAN 93
FEARED DEAD
MC 78

\- - - - - - -

WED 635
ARAB G UERILLAS ATTACK
ISRAELI POSITIONS IN R
PRISAL FOR ISRAELI ATTACKS

WHAT
WHAT WHAT THE ONLY R
IGHT THIS GUY HAS TO TALK A
BOUT S-E ASIA IS HE LOOKS
LIKE A RI
CE PUDDING

\- - - - -

PROBABLY CAUGHT P
NEUMONIA TRYING TO W
ALK ACROSS T
HE POTOM
AC

\- - - - -

I M
EAN HE'S BEAUTIFUL TH
IS GUY. WHY DOESNT HE STAY
HOME? IF HE DID
TO HIS WIFE WHAT HE DOES
TO THIS CITY WE
D ALL BE A LOT HAPPIER

\- - - -- -

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WH
EN YOU TRAVEL IN A PLA
NE WITH 92
HIJACKERS

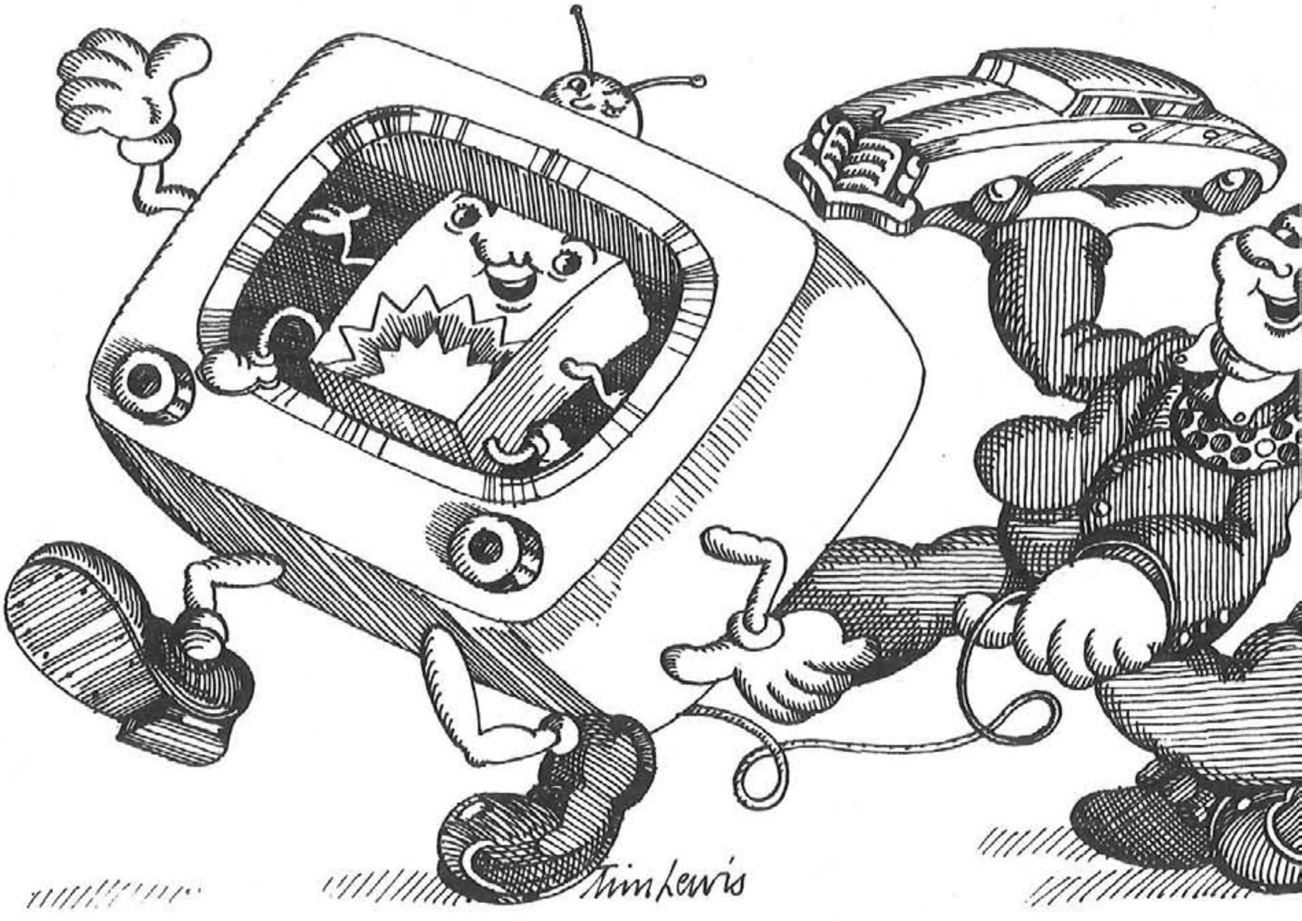
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THIS EYE FOR AN EYE AND
TOOTH FOR A TOOTH STUF
F HAS GOTTA STOP. WHAT

END

Keeping Up With The Joneses

By Michael O'Donoghue



Shake hands with a typical small-town family preoccupied with the very same things you are, that is to say, the acquisition of more and more material objects. Unlike you and me, however, the Joneses don't rush into their purchases caught up by gimmicks, so-called bargains and tricky packaging. Much to the contrary, they hold informal discussions on each considered product, coolly weighing the merits and drawbacks of every brand, before putting their cash on the barrelhead. It goes without saying that by dropping in on these family forums, you, the audience, are the winner, saving not only your hard-earned dollars but, more importantly, needless grief and disappointment. To give you a better idea of what's in store for you, producer Murray Weintraub and Del-Ray Productions have generously given us permission to reprint segments of the actual script. In keeping with our avant-garde policy, the National Lampoon *scoops the nation on what's happening in tomorrow's television.*

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

Singing Intro (Tune: "Yankee Doodle")

I've chosen Brand X or Y
When I should have chosen Z!
How can I tell what brand to buy,
What product's right for me?

The Jonses are your answer!
They'll solve consumer woes,
And show you how you can, sir,
Spend more than you suppose!

So come along and listen in
On folks like those next door,
With problems that will make you grin
And shopping hints galore!

Roll title, "Enough to Drive a Family Buggy," over slow fade-in on the Joneses — Mom, Dad, Sis and



Kid Brother, plus Clifford, their big, klunky sheepdog — seated in the parlor. The room, like the rest of the house, is tastefully done, without that pushy, interior-decorated look. The furnishings are eclectic, ranging from an imitation Colonial butter churn to a Swedish modern coffee table received for 19½ books of Plaid stamps. In the corner sits a ratty, overstuffed armchair that Mom has been trying to throw out for years, but Dad, screwball that he is, insists on keeping. A finger painting that Sis did in the fourth grade hangs above the fireplace. It should be pretty obvious by now that this isn't one of those phony *Better Homes and Gardens* showcases. This is a home!

MOM (to Dad): Why don't you lead off, honey?

DAD: I choose the Lincoln Continental Sedan and I'll tell you why. What first caught my eye was the luxury styling. The trim horizontal grill and sleek hood give the front a dynamic, forward look that sweeps back throughout the graceful contours of the sculptured body itself. One glance at that impressive, new, high-performance, 460 cubic inch, 365 horsepower engine told me that the keynote was power — power steering, power windows, power seats and, best of all, front disc brakes that assure quiet, fade-free stopping. As you may be aware, trunk space has been increased to a full 18.1 cubic feet. The distinctive Continental emblem, incidentally, is now hinged to conceal the trunk lock — just one of many stylish touches that spell "craftsmanship" and "precision engineering."

Without going into excessive detail, let it suffice to say that the list of safety features is impressive, not the least of which is the Select-Shift automatic transmission that provides quicker, smoother acceleration. Although tempted, I also won't dwell overlong on the lavish interior designed for maximum spaciousness

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM LEWIS

and comfort. The soil-and-snag resistant upholstery and seamless cut-pile 100% nylon carpeting speak for themselves with far more eloquence — and elegance! — than anything I might add.

I would like to mention, however, that the instrument panel has been redesigned to place all the main controls at the driver's fingertips, where they belong. The latest in optional equipment is available for immediate installation; items such as a four-speaker Stereo-Sonic tape system/signal-seeking AM radio, a tilt steering wheel that adjusts to your choice of five positions, an electrically heated rear window defroster, to name but a few. The Continental comes in a wide selection of colors including Arctic White, Venetian Yellow, Spanish Moss, Cranberry, Rose Mist, Pitcairn Blue and Teal. All Lincolns are constructed to rigid standards and undergo a unique 12-mile road test which every auto must pass on 189 counts before it is approved for delivery.

Summing up, I choose the Lincoln Continental for its regal lines, plush interior, outstanding roadability and reserves of power. It's the ultimate in motoring enjoyment! I think that about does it, except I neglected to mention that the taillights have been modified for even greater visibility.

MOM (after a long pause): Isn't a Lincoln somewhat on the costly side?

DAD: I see no reason to hide the fact that I nail down 17 thou per year. After all, you only live once. And you can't take it with you.

MOM: That's all well and good, but we still have the children's education to consider.

After Dad has spoken his piece, the others take their turns. High school football star Kid Brother Jones argues passionately for a souped-up Corvette Sting Ray, followed by levelheaded Mom Jones, who offers some very sane and no-nonsense reasons for investing in a Dodge Coronet 440 Station Wagon. The discussion takes on a relaxed, natural tone since the show doesn't have to stop every few minutes for a commercial. There are no commercials. Or, rather, the commercials are mixed right into the format. Lest you be misled into believing you're in for a marathon sales pitch, let me hasten to point out that the Joneses are always solid entertainment, deftly spicing product evaluation with a sly bend of sage philosophy and homespun humor. A good example is what happens when perky college gal Sis Jones has her say:



SIS: Well, as a matter of fact, I have my cap set on a Datsun!

MOM, DAD & KID BROTHER (in unison): A *WHAT?!*

SIS: A Datsun. It's the cutest little Japanese car you ever saw. And they're *so* practical! You can park 'em anywhere and you get oodles of miles to the gallon! Why, in Tokyo they use 'em for taxicabs and —

DAD: Japanese? Tokyo??

MOM: Now, don't you go getting worked up. She's too young to remember the war.

DAD (heatedly): Do you *know* what those Nips did to our Red Cross nurses? It's enough to turn my stomach!

MOM (quickly changing the subject): And besides, "Made in Japan" is just another way of saying "shoddy."

KID BROTHER: If they make their houses out of paper, you can imagine what they make their cars out of.

SIS: Gee whillikers, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

MOM: Of course you didn't, dear. We live and learn.

SIS: All the girls in my sorority think foreign cars are *adorable*. In fact, Sally Brewster just got a new Porsche for her birthday. It's keen!

DAD (winking): A *front* Porsche or a *back* Porsche? Haw!

SIS: Oh, Dad! Won't you even consider a *European* car? How about getting a Fiat 850 Sport Coupe?

DAD: Coupe? "Kook" would be more like it! All kidding aside, young lady, it's time you woke up to a few facts of life and one of those facts is *BUY AMERICAN!*

MOM: Your Dad's right. We enjoy a higher standard of living in the U.S.A. than they do in any other country.

DAD: Don't get suckered in by that "old-world craftsmanship" jazz. Uncle Sam makes it *cheaper*, makes it *better*, and makes it *first!*

KID BROTHER: I read in history class how the average guy in Russia has to work 32 hours just to buy a loaf of bread.

SIS: And then the Secret Police usually kick down his door and take it away! I'm sure glad I'm an American!

MOM: We all are!

KID BROTHER: You said it!

DAD: And how!

CLIFFORD THE DOG: Woof! Woof!

(All look at the dog, at each other, then burst into general laughter. Fade out.)

ANNOUNCER: Don't touch that dial! The Joneses will be right back after station identification.

Sure enough, the Joneses come right back, still locked in conflict. Each extolling the merits of his or her choice, decrying the drawbacks of other choices, they debate ceaselessly, save for a rollicking sequence when Clifford grabs Dad's slippers and takes off like a bat out of you-know-where. After a madcap chase in which he out-maneuvers the whole family, the shaggy rascal is at last cornered under the Ping-Pong table in the pine-paneled rec room, and order is restored. By now, the positions have changed. Dad is willing to settle for an Oldsmobile Cutlass, Kid Brother compromises on a Ford Torino, Mom switches to a Buick Skylark, and a "wised-up" Sis bargains for an American Motors Gremlin. The going gets hot and heavy but, gradually, concessions are made. Everyone gives a little to get a little, until they finally agree on a silver Plymouth Satellite two-door hardtop with a "4-on-the-floor" transmission and tinted window glass. Mom slips out to the kitchen and returns with a platter of Nabisco Mallomars and steaming mugs of Baker's cocoa. Dad chucks another log on the fire while Sis tells her brother about a new dandruff shampoo that really works. As the show rolls to a close, a deep and abiding sense of tranquility descends upon the Jones family, but not before they observe show business' oldest tradition — "Always leave 'em laughing!"

MOM (to camera): That about wraps it up for tonight, folks.

SIS AND KID BROTHER (waving): See you next week!

DAD: And remember what Confucius say — "He who take one for road, get cop for chaser!"

MOM: Point well made.

SIS: Jeepers, that's good advice for us all.

KID BROTHER: My driver ed. teacher said that alcohol and gasoline don't mix.

DAD: Well, they do, but they taste *terrible!* Haw!

SIS (rolling eyes): Oh, Dad, you're incorrigible.

ALL: Good night!

(theme music up and out)

ANNOUNCER: Here are just some of the exciting products the Joneses will be considering in the future: aluminum siding, roll-on deodorants, matched luggage, cake mixes, encyclopedias, fabric softeners, laxatives, electric rotisseries, ball-point pens, cookware, hair sprays, margarine, carpet sweepers . . . AND MANY MORE!

Now that you are in the know
On how to spend your money,
Tune in next week to see our show,
Both practical and funny!

(Credits are rolling over final comic sequence where Clifford has *again* grabbed Dad's slippers and is leading the family a merry chase through the house.)

The Joneses are your answer!
They'll solve consumer woes,
And show you how . . .

—THE END—

Perhaps you find yourself wondering, as I did, "What happens at the end of the season when the Jones house is heaped to the rafters with new merchandise?" After pondering this and coming up empty, I decided to call the producer and ask him. Upon hearing my question, he chuckled and replied: "Simplest thing in the world! By the end of the season, another year has passed and everything is either obsolete, broken or both. They have to do it all over again!" □



"We're not so bad, are we now, kids?"

WAITING IN THE LEFT WINGS

A Day with Starlet Nana Bijou . . . The New Breed!



It's breakfast in bed for our ravishing radical, starting the day with a glass of organic carrot juice, whole wheat toast spread with wild thyme honey,dried apricots, two kelp tablets, a bowl of Dr. Fearn's Soy Bean Granules topped with sorghum syrup, a steaming cup of ginseng root tea and a snort of cocaine, all served by her maid, Melissa, an actual Black Panther.



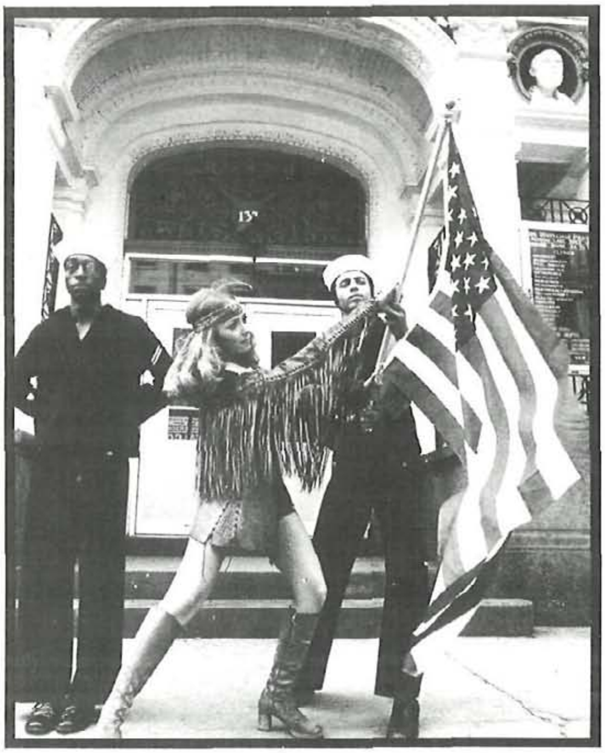
Our Movement Miss models a pair of bikini briefs fashioned from an NLF *flag, just one of a line of underground underthings with the Nana Bijou label that includes the "Smash the State" body stocking and the "Up the Ass of the Ruling Class" see-through girdle.*

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

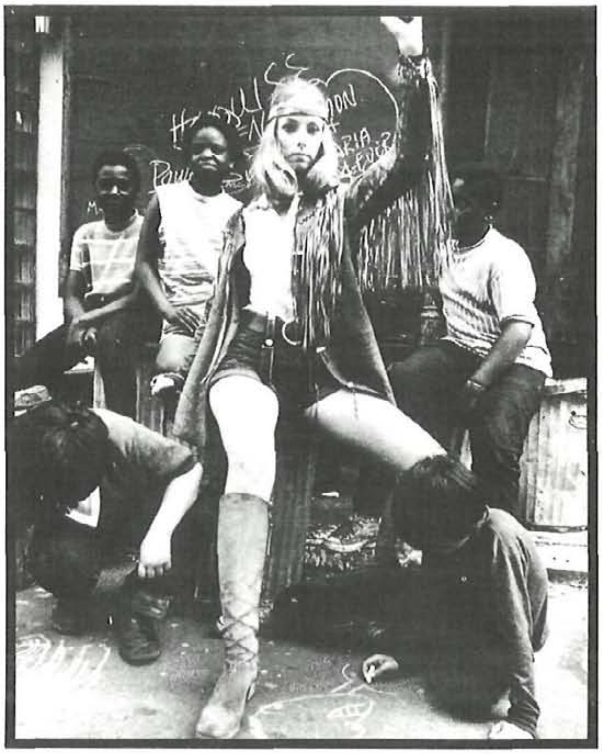


"Marriage is an archaic, sexist convention arising from a hypocritical extension of the middle-class experience!", remarks Nana as she poses with her five illegitimate children — Sean, Olaf, Carlotta, Ahmad, and Natalya

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB BAILEY



Afternoon finds the perky peacenik in San Diego, spitting on a Navy color guard and shouting, "No more fodder for the war machine!" which, ironically, is the title of her latest Paramount picture, billed as: "It's gobs of fun *when* naughty nautical Nana *with two* saltwater daffies *invade Haiphong and* paint the town Red!"



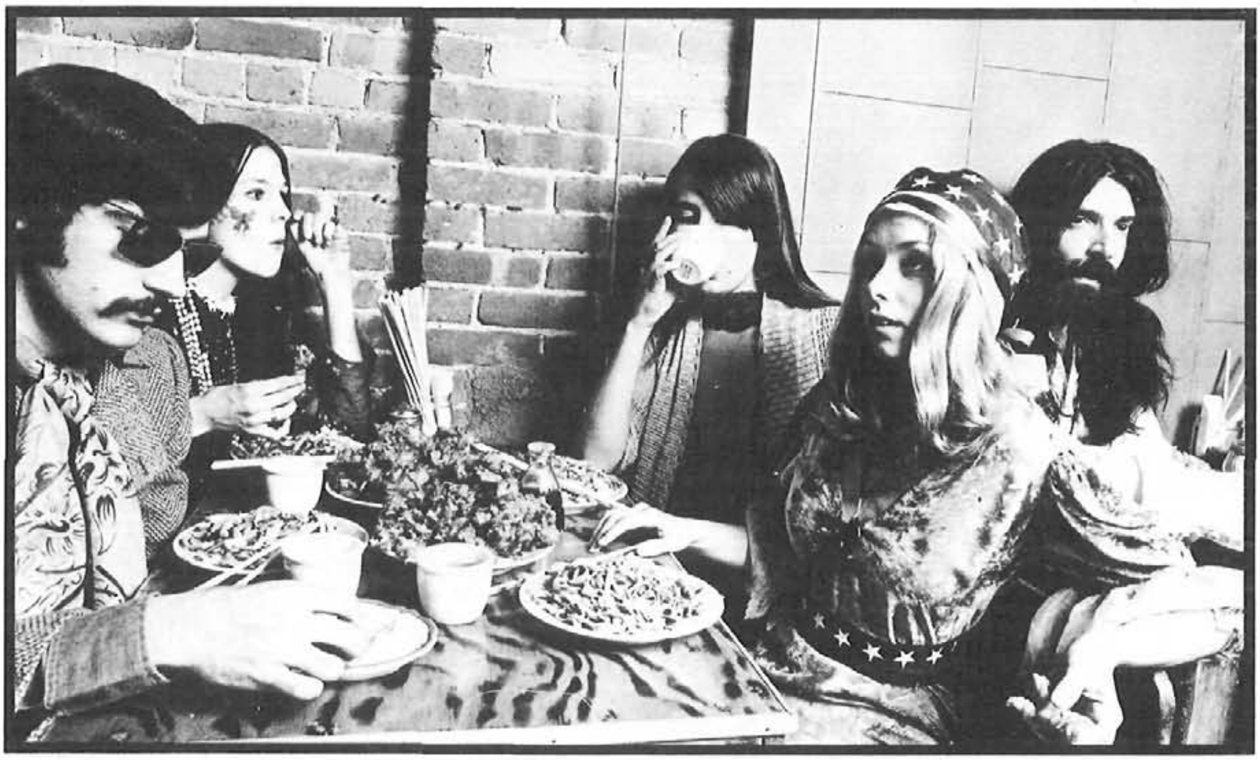
"Right on!" urges Nana, flashing a platinum Van Cleef & Arpels bracelet studded with cabochon emeralds that was given her by Christian Joxe-Leblois, the celebrated Haitian playboy.



Between humming a Moroccan trance chant and steamboating some Zihuatanejo purple, our delightful dissident pauses to affirm her militancy, commenting, "I was supposed to headline a Blackstone Ranger rally in Chi-town, but Kwame, my King Charles spaniel, got sick that night and I had to take her to the vet, poor thing!"



Speaking out for ecology, the lovely leftist recalls, "The minute I heard about the brutal slaughter of Canadian seals, I protested by phoning Neiman-Marcus and buying this 38-skin Kojah coat!"

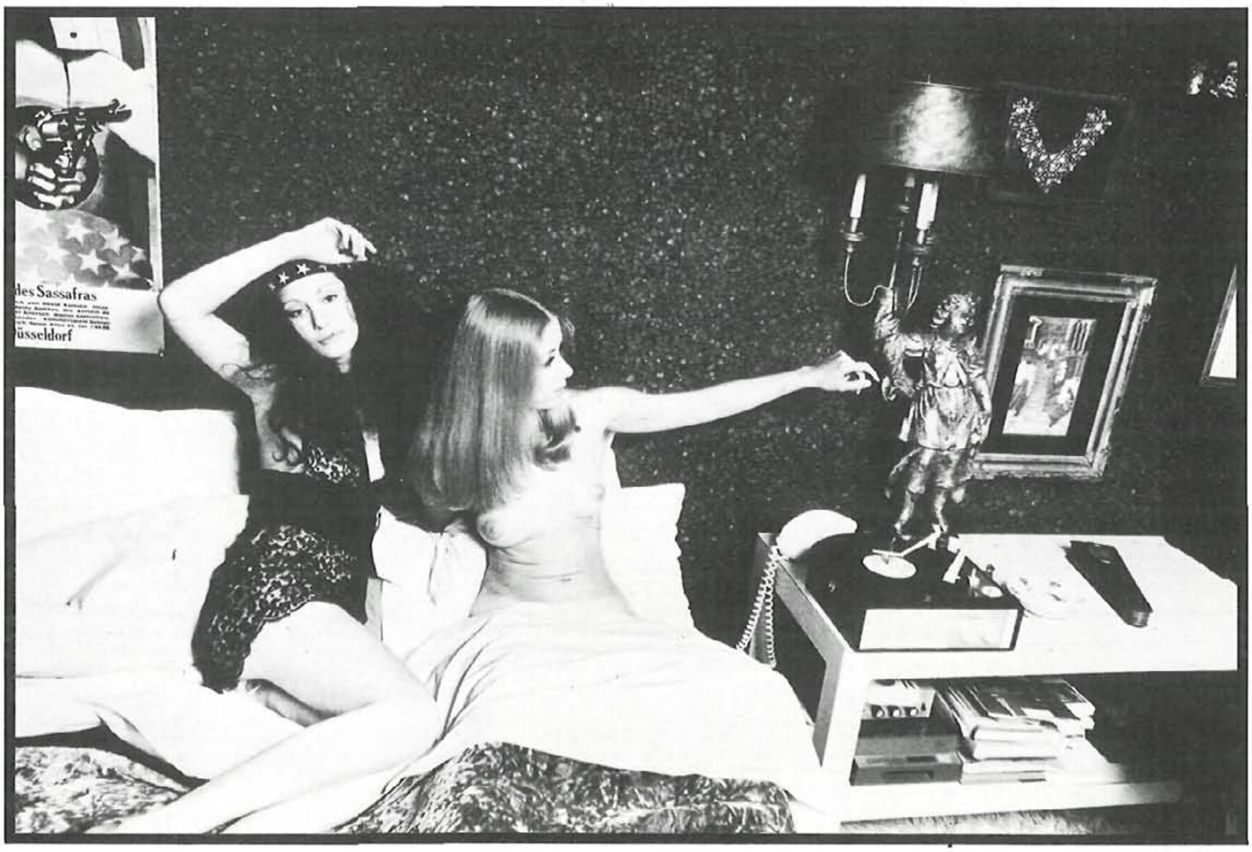


After a brief plane ride to San Francisco in her private Lear jet, Nana enjoys "dinner at Haight" in an out-of-the-way Cole Street restaurant where she orders tamba-yaki *and a side dish of* suppon, *explaining, "What I really want is the* teishoku, *but I've promised myself not to eat that until they free Bobby Seale!"*



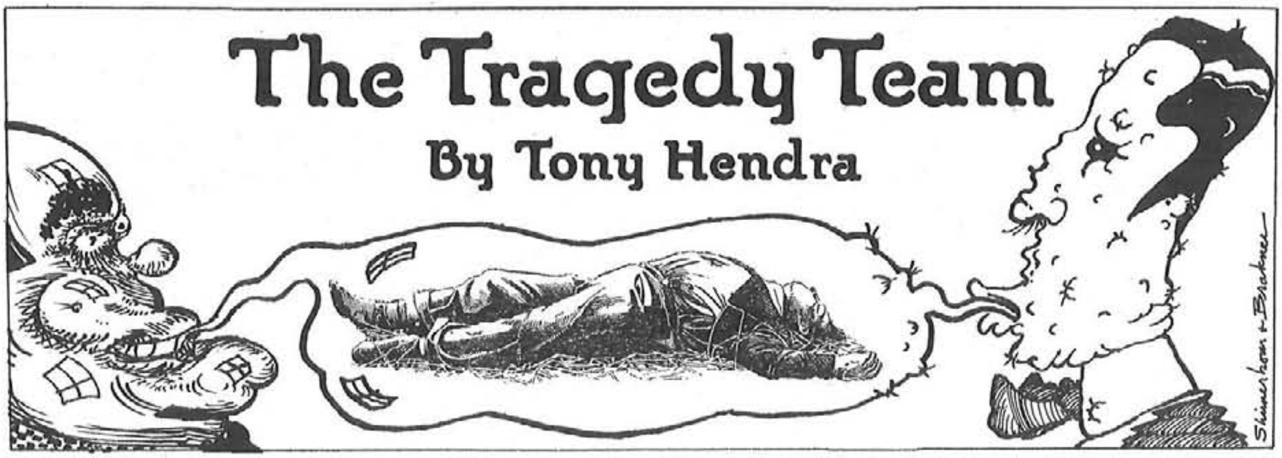
When asked why Indians are denied membership in REABSORB *(Radical Entertainers and Businessmen [to] Save Our Red Brothers), an organization Nana "spearheads" from the den of her 47-room Pacific Palisades chateau, our attractive activist confides, "Quite frankly, I think letting them in would tend to debase our image!"*

With nothing on but a Sly and the Family Stone album, Nana curls up in bed with avant-garde film sensation Camilla Nesselrode, quipping, as she flicks off the light, "We're just good friends!" □



The Tragedy Team

By Tony Hendra



That Was No Lady, That Was the Eternal Reaper

The lights dim in the plushly furnished lounge. People locked in optimistic conversation gradually quieten and turn their attention to the stage, where the M.C., illumined by a single spot, has found his way to the microphone.

> "Ladies and gentlemen, the Kishkas Hotel is very proud to present, right here in the Red Garter lounge, direct from a multiple appearance on *The Dave Garroway Show*, the cathartic capers of that fabulous tragedy team . . . Raskolnikov and Allen!"

There is a respectful silence. The spot picks up two men walking slowly to center stage. One is tall and slim; the other, short and pudgy. They position themselves stiffly on each side of the microphone and bow their heads for a moment. Then the taller one – Raskolnikov – speaks:

Raskolnikov: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome. It's extremely moving to be here . . .

Allen *(a catch in his voice)*: My wife . . .

Raskolnikov: It also behooves us to mention that you look like a good group. Yes, indeedy.

Allen *(with the same catch)*: My wife, my wife . . .

Raskolnikov: This is my colleague, Mr. Mort Allen. What is the matter, Mort?

Allen: My wife just left me.

Raskolnikov: Your wife just left you? Why did your wife just leave you?

Allen *(with a barely controlled sob)*: She has terminal cancer and wanted to be alone at the end.

Raskolnikov: She wanted to be alone at the end? How come she wanted to be alone at the end?

Allen *(sobbing)*: We don't love one another anymore.

(The audience is absolutely silent. Someone in the corner coughs.)

Raskolnikov: Are you sure, Mort, that it's not because you're Jewish?

Allen: No. Her father, like mine, died at Dachau.

Raskolnikov *(under his breath)*: Christ, this is worse than the Concord. . . . *(to the audience)* Humorously though, ladies and gentlemen . . .

Allen: Stan, do you know what the woodpecker said to the blind dog with only three legs?

Raskolnikov: No, Mort, I'm not aware of that. What did the woodpecker say to the blind dog with only three legs?

Allen: Ripeness is all.

(The audience laughs. Allen begins to sweat profusely.)

Raskolnikov: Speaking of relatives . . . relatives can be very moving. Take Mort's sister.

Allen: No, please, not my sister!

Raskolnikov: Mort's little sister is so fat that she once went out on a blind date with Shea Stadium.

Allen: It's true – she has a chronic hyperthyroid condition.

Raskolnikov: Which, I believe I'm right in saying, is incurable. Right, Mort?

Allen: That's right. She's so fat and weak, she can't even raise the violin to her shoulder. She'll never play again. *(He begins sobbing again.)*

(A drunk male voice is heard from the darkness.)

Voice: That ain't sad. That's about as sad as a salami. You guys stink.

Raskolnikov: Sir, there is a bus leaving for Cleveland in 10 minutes. Please be under it.

Allen: As my mother was.

Voice: Sing *Melancholy Baby*!

Raskolnikov: Sir, we are but poor actors who strut and fret our hour upon the stage and then are heard no more. Ours is a tale, told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing . . .

(There is a shout from the bar. The drunk is ejected.)

Allen: Knock, knock.

Raskolnikov: Who's there?

Allen: Western Union.

Raskolnikov: Western Union, who?

Allen: The one that usually delivers telegrams from the Army.

(A considerable amount of weeping breaks out in the audience.)

Raskolnikov: Thank you, thank you. Mort, how was the psychiatrist?

Allen: He's fine, but his wife thinks she's a chicken.

Raskolnikov: Is he treating her?

Allen: He refuses to.

Raskolnikov: I suppose he needs the eggs.

Allen: No, he wants her committed so he can get hold of her inheritance.

Raskolnikov: I understand a friend of yours found a fly in his soup the other night in a restaurant?

Allen: Yes, he contracted typhoid and died.

(The audience has stopped sobbing and is beginning to titter.)

Raskolnikov *(under his breath)*: We are dying, Morty, dying.

Allen *(under his breath)*: Try the quickies, schmuck.

Raskolnikov: Mort, who was that lady I saw you with last night?

Allen: That was no lady, that was Walter Jenkins.

Raskolnikov: How do you distinguish a Pole from an Italian?

Allen: The Pole is the one who lost his parents in the uprisings.

Raskolnikov: What's black and white and red all over?

Allen: A wounded nun.

Raskolnikov: What else is black and white and red all over.

Allen: Oedipus Rex.

Raskolnikov: What is *not* black and white and red all over?

Allen: Life!

(The entire audience is now in the throes of ill-concealed snorts of laughter and barely controlled guffaws. Sweat is pouring off both tragedians.)

Raskolnikov: Mort, Mort, dear companion, who was that bum I saw you talking to outside?

Allen: That was no bum, Stan, that was the Eternal Reaper.

Raskolnikov: The Eternal Reaper! Boy-oh-boy! What did he say?

Allen: He said my end was near at hand, Stan, dear friend, and that he would come softly like a thief in the night.

Raskolnikov: He said your end was near at hand and that he would come softly like a thief in the night?

Allen: That's right, Stan.

Raskolnikov: What did you say, Mort?

Allen *(drawing a gun from his tuxedo)*: I told him I would cheat him, Stan! That I held life cheaper yet than he. For what is life – a lily, a husk, a glass of tea? Ivan Petrovitchskayaev lies beneath the orchard, Stan. Is it nobler in the mind to suffer the men of Athens waiting, waiting, pissing and waiting for the clown who may have killed the magistrate? Is it, Stan? Ah, cold Antigone, stiff Cordelia, the flowers in the meadow, my dear mother's eyes! Where are they now, Stan? What does it all mean? Why? Why?

(Allen shoots himself. Raskolnikov, catching him as he falls, sinks to his knees.)

Raskolnikov *(sobbing)*: Old friend, what have you done? Dead, dead ah dead, cold Morty, dead and gone.

(Raskolnikov snatches the gun and turns it on himself, falling across Allen's lifeless body. The band cracks in with an up-tempo version of the Dies Irae. *As a man, the audience rises to its feet. There is not a dry eye or nose in the house. The tragedy team gets up and, dusting itself off, takes bows.)*

Raskolnikov *(holding up his hands)*: Thank you, thank you, thank you. Ladies and gentlemen, as you probably realize, deep down beneath this dark tragedian's make-up lies a funny person . . .

Allen: Inside every Hamlet, there's a Red Skelton trying to get out. . . .

Raskolnikov: . . . so, before we leave you, we'd like to sing a little song entitled . . .

Allen: . . . *She Was Only the Doctor's Daughter . . .*

Raskolnikov: . . . *but She Died of Leukemia Anyway.*

(Music and fade-out) □



"This next one goes out to Fido from Spot, for Beanie from Butch, and for Taffy, Rover and Peanuts from Fang!"

Michael Pollard: CREEP OR JERK? SEPT. 35c

SCOOP STORY & PHOTOS!
JOHNNY CASH & TRISH NIXON IN SECRET LOVE NEST!

SCREEN SLIME

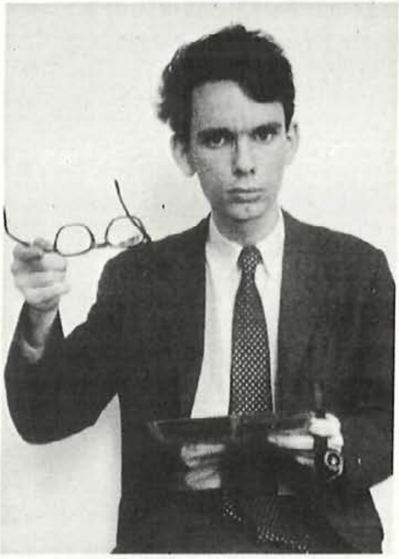
True Grit Kim Darby:
Husband Swears,
"Too Young To Do It?
She's Too Young
To SPELL IT!"

LAWRENCE WELK LOVE SPREE!

WHO'S NEXT?



HOW JACKIE WON
BRIAN JONES BACK FROM
THE LENNON SISTERS!



Cliff Palate, M.A. Tunafish University of the Sacred Heart; B.S., Close-Cover-Before-Striking Academy of Fancy Talking; Director of Good English Institute; authority on high class conversation; Notary Public.

Shamed by your English?

You can speak and write like a high-class college graduate-type person if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've been tossed out of some fancy restaurant or nightclub because of your pathetic attempt at pigeon English, maybe I can save you from years of embarrassment and uproarious laughter at your expense.

You see, nobody can stand some poor chump who goes stumbling around constantly mumbling broken English and trying to figure out how to change a quarter into six nickels and a dime.

I have met countless numbers of poor, lunch-bucket saps *just like you* who are being held back from that big job at the assembly plant for one simple reason — they're *stupid and dull.*

What About You?

What about you? Just ask yourself these three simple quesions:
1) When you ask a waitress for a menu at some ritzy eatery, does she wrinkle her nose in disgust and ask you to draw her a picture?
2) When you ask your wife "heymadgeyawannadoit?," does she wrinkle her nose and ask you to draw her a picture?
3) When your 6-year old needs help with his homework, does he ignore you and check his spelling with Fido instead?

Be Honest With Yourself

Admit, for example, that you haven't been able to read any of the big words in this advertisement. Ears burning? Face red? Now that you are properly ashamed of your own ignorance — you have already taken the first big step to success! *Total lack of self-respect!*

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school — right in your own home!* In just a few short years you'll have mastered *all 26 letters of the alphabet.* By the time you're a crumbling dotard, you'll be able to tell the little boy's room from the little girl's room! And that's only the start. Let me begin by answering the following questions:

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. If the magazine you're reading right now is any indication of your literacy, you should have been put to sleep ages ago.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." Say, for example, you're invited (by mistake, of course) to some posh garden party with Jacqueline Onassis and Charlotte Ford and other fancy-schmancy society dames. Say you've got Charlotte kind of sweet on you what with all your big talk about your Ph.D. in medieval Saxon poetry, and all of a sudden you step into a *big hole full of quicksand!* "Gemmeouttahere!" you may scream, but you can jolly well holler your head off, Bub, because no one will be able to understand a word you're saying! *Then, where will you be?*

Question *Hey, I'm no sucker! I'm convinced! When can I start?*

Answer Right away! I will gladly mail you a free, 188-page booklet entitled *Your Friend the Vowel* absolutely free of charge. When you have finished it, you will want to move right on to the next two volumes, *Your Buddy the Consonant* and *Your Pal the Syllable.* In practically no time at all, you will be ready for our "Advanced Course" starting off with *Your Close Acquaintance the Oxymoronical Pleonasm.*

Question *How much will it cost?*

Cliff Palate's
Good English Institute, Dept. 5478, New York City, Illinois 539990

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of YOUR FRIEND THE VOWEL. Don't forget to put a picture on the envelope indicating that I take it to my big-deal brother-in-law to read it to me.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________ State______ Zip______

GET RID OF YOUR SAGGING FACE! LOOK YEARS YOUNGER AND SAY GOOD-BYE TO YOUR REVOLTING, HIDEOUS FACE THE WAY HOLLYWOOD STARS DO!

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SCREEN SLIME

Vol. 176, No. 76 SEPTEMBER 1970



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WANDA GLITZ, Managing Editor
WANDA GLITZ, Art Director
WANDA GLITZ, Subscription Manager
WANDA GLITZ, Publisher
WANDA GLITZ, Linotypist

IN THE SLIME



Although officially still "solid" with director Carlo Ponti, lovely Sophia Loren seems to be tempted by that old animal magnetism.

gans . . . At a London, England, bash in honor of some much-titled royal nobility, leggy **FAYE DUNAWAY** traded nasty words with a Gobelin tapestry that she swears made crude advances toward her. Better lay off that Baron de Rothschild '64, Faye dahling . . . **MARLENE DIETRICH** caused quite a stir at Jules Podell's Copacabana when, at the final note of her opening song, she crumpled to the footlights . . . and died! . . . While filming his way-out mod mod movie in Peru, hip **DENNIS HOPPER** fell head-over-bell-bottoms for ex-Argentine headliner **JUAN PERON.** Dennis and Juan haven't set a date yet, but a little birdie says that the stork may beat them to the altar . . . **BARBRA STREISAND** is simply furious over a certain unkind gossip columnist who has been making cruel comments about her disgusting, misshapen nose! It's not so bad that this scandalmonger keeps sniping at Barbra's grotesquely twisted beak, what makes her really see red are those unfounded stories about how she uses her revolting schnoz to pry open the change boxes in pay telephones . . .

Gracious! There's been so much filth and garbage piling up in Hollywood these last few weeks, my glossy red fingernails are practically leprous with excitement! Well, here goes . . . **FRANK SINATRA** turned purple with rage when he heard a loudmouth make a nasty remark about his definitely dudsville duo with his ex, **MIA FARROW.** Sinatra immediately burst into action, and before anyone had time to bat a Dacron-polyester eyelash, the victim was minus six teeth, had two black eyes and a severe lesion on the groin. So-called friends and so-called relatives report that Mia will be up and around the town in a few short months . . . Things are absolutely *splitsville*, reliable sources snigger, between **SALLY "FLYING NUN" FIELD** and the late **ALBERT SCHWEITZER.** Albie hasn't phoned her in simply ages, and Sally makes no secret that she has sent back every last one of Albie's internal or-



Would-be stars turn out for tryouts with Senator Teddy Kennedy, each hoping for the role of Mrs. Kopechne in his latest flick, "The Bridge."

IGHT



By WANDA GLITZ



Tricia Nixon may be the first little lady of the land, but that still doesn't keep certain older men from being a pain in the neck.

Despite those who said that the cancellation of *I Dream of Jeannie* spelled endsville for **BARBARA EDEN**'s TV career, those-in-the-know whisper she'll reappear next season in *I Dream of Johnny,* a sparkling new sitchcom about a handsome plumber (possibly Glen Campbell) who finds magic (and teeny, magical Barbara!) in a backed-up bathroom bowl . . . Don't listen to anybody who tells you that pert and perky **JANE AUSTIN** is wanted in four states for petty theft, attempted blackmail and 16 counts of prostitution, because it's all a pack of vicious lies, probably . . . The jet set is all a-buzz about the kinky goings on between **MARLON BRANDO** and **POPE PAUL VI** last month when

(continued on page 117)



Decked out in his Sunday best, Frank Sinatra awaits a private tete-a-tete with his ex, Mia Farrow, hoping to convince her to return to his roost.



Relaxing on the beach, politically involved Jane Fonda and French director hubby Roger Vadim find some moments of rest from their busy schedules.

PHOTOS: UPI

All Hollywood Knew It Was Only a Matter of Time Before SCREEN SLIME Would Be Forced to Print

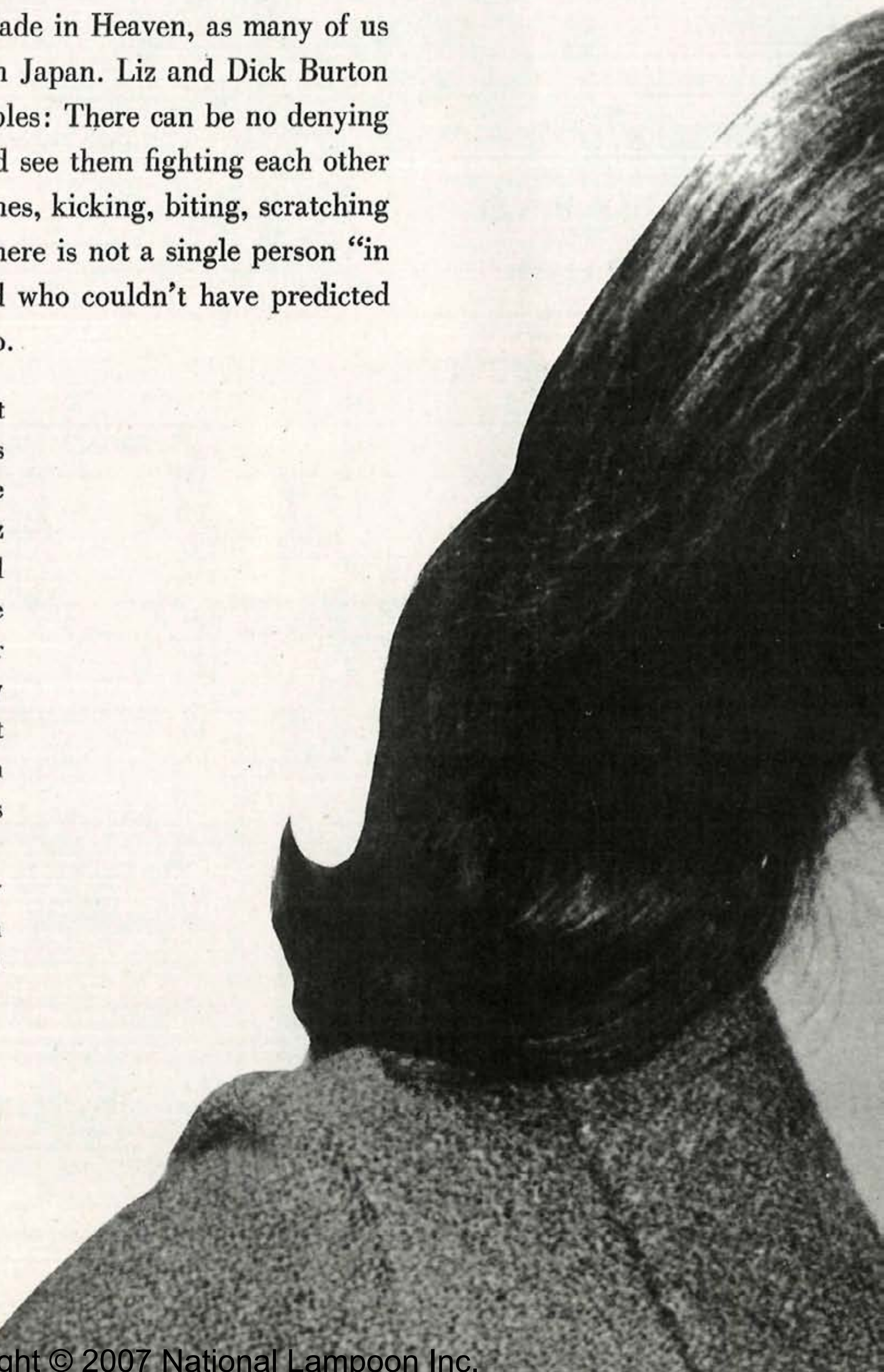
Liz and Dick: On th

By WANDA GLITZ

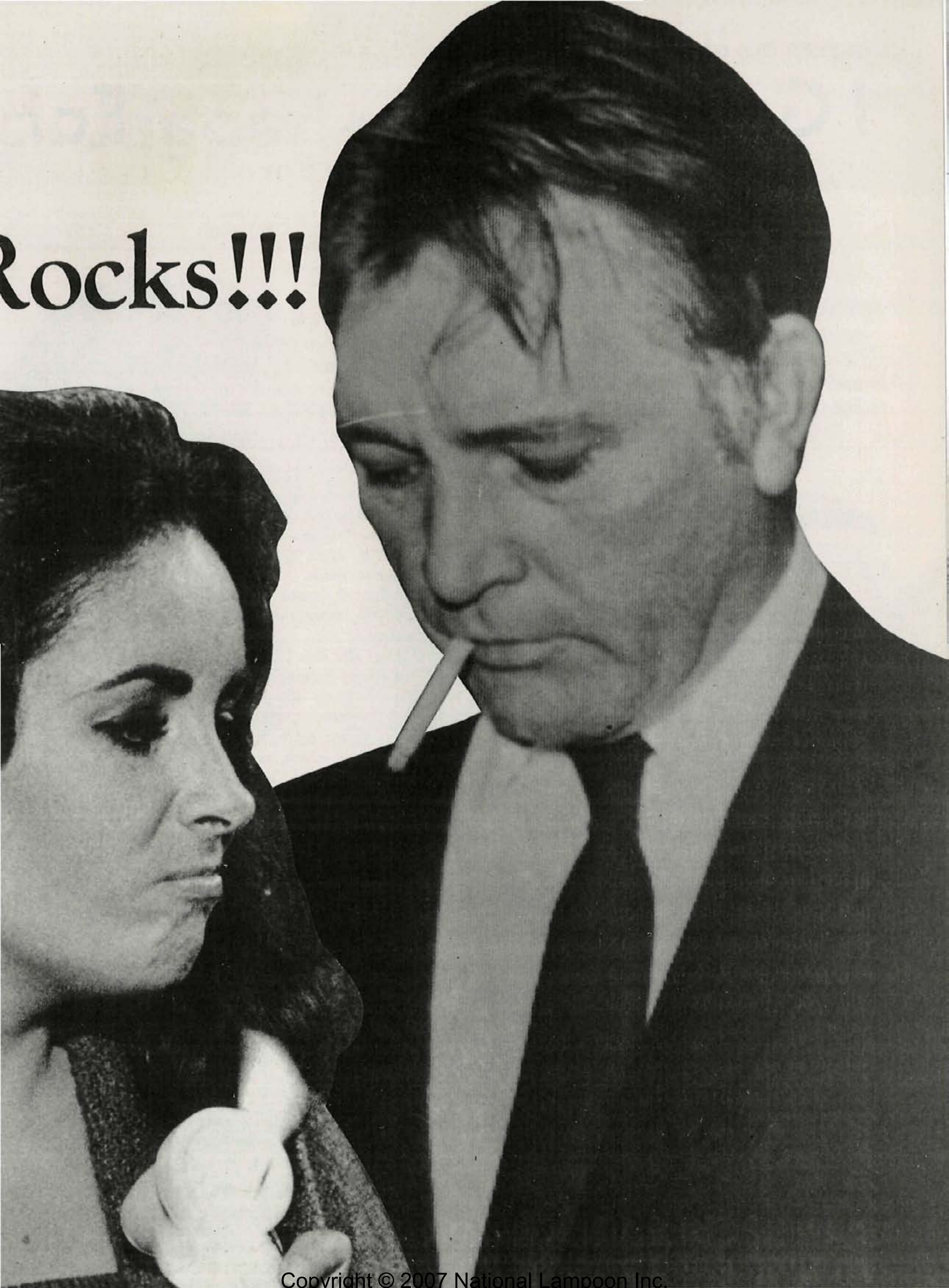
Not all marriages are Made in Heaven, as many of us well know. Some are Made in Japan. Liz and Dick Burton certainly have had their troubles: There can be no denying that. For weeks, people would see them fighting each other like a pair of ill-bred wolverines, kicking, biting, scratching and generally carrying on. There is not a single person "in the know" around Hollywood who couldn't have predicted their tragic plight months ago.

But we are glad to report that these two wildcats have always managed to patch things up in the end. We certainly hope that Liz and Dick will continue to kiss and make up in their own inimitable and photogenic way whenever times get tough. And we certainly hope that the Burtons' current mountain-climbing expedition in the Alps forebodes no major ups and downs!

Yes, Liz and Dick are presently at play in their spacious villa high atop Mount *(cont. on page 92)*



Rocks!!!



11-YEAR OLD GIRL CONFESSES,

I Gave Up My * * * For

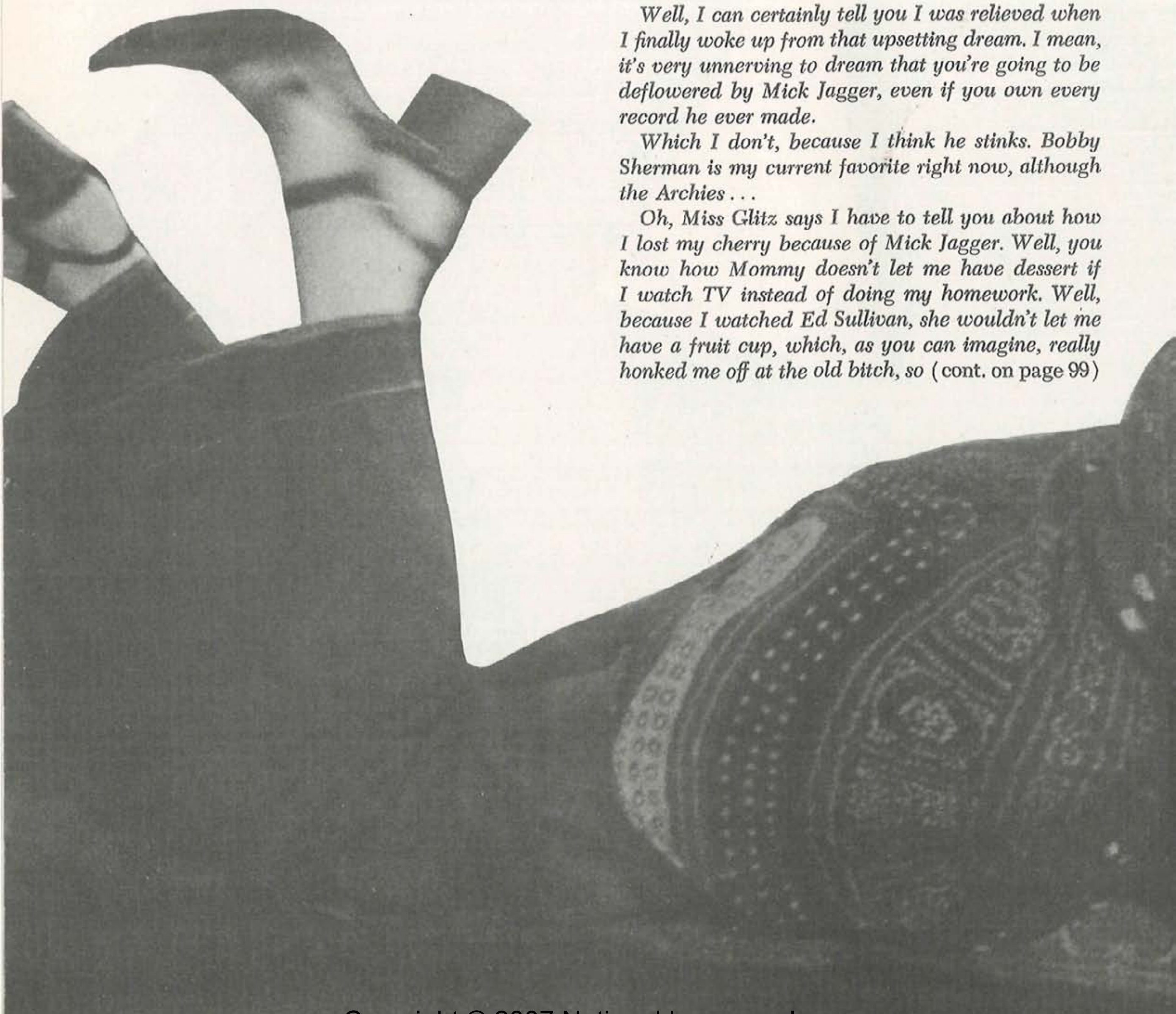
... And My Tears Will Never Replace It!

By Belinda Jean Bucktooth
As told to Wanda Glitz

As we lay in bed together, I watched Mick blow smoke rings toward the ceiling. "Belinda," he said, stubbing out his cigarette and crushing me in his steely arms, "I must have you now, now, NOW!"

"No, no!" I cried, fighting back the tears. "I love you, Mick, but I'm only 11 and . . . and I'm still . . . a virgin!"

"Sure, you are," he laughed demoniacally, and I'm the Dave Clark Five." He tore at my clothes like a madman. My blouse, my jeans, my Mary Janes, my pan-



Well, I can certainly tell you I was relieved when I finally woke up from that upsetting dream. I mean, it's very unnerving to dream that you're going to be deflowered by Mick Jagger, even if you own every record he ever made.

Which I don't, because I think he stinks. Bobby Sherman is my current favorite right now, although the Archies . . .

Oh, Miss Glitz says I have to tell you about how I lost my cherry because of Mick Jagger. Well, you know how Mommy doesn't let me have dessert if I watch TV instead of doing my homework. Well, because I watched Ed Sullivan, she wouldn't let me have a fruit cup, which, as you can imagine, really honked me off at the old bitch, so (cont. on page 99)

ck Jagger!





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Then again, you might also grow green gauzy wings and fly to the moon under your own power, but in the exciting world of commercial art, anything is possible! Just let "Winky" help test your talent. Draw her any size, in any medium. Use any old #887 Fine Graphite charcoal nib you have lying around the garage and send your drawing to us. Every qualified entrant receives a free professional estimate of his talent from our staff of highly skilled envelope stuffers.

Scholarship winner gets the complete home study course taught by one of America's leading complete home study course Commercial Art Schools.

Try for this art scholarship and open yourself up to the wonderful opportunities that await you at the hands of our skilled salesmen, bill collectors and lawyers. Entries for the current contest due by July 31, 1977, so don't delay!

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Next Month's NEWS OOZE from **SCREEN SLIME!**

JACKIE TELLS ARI: "SHUT UP YOU GODDAMN GREEK, OR I'LL CHOP OFF YOUR KNEECAPS!"

GRETA GARBO'S TRAGIC PLEA FOR HELP: "GET OUT OF MY HOUSE, YOU FILTHY BIG MOUTH, OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!" (as told to *SCREEN SLIME*'s own Wanda Glitz)

ARI ONASSIS' AMAZING NEW KNEECAP TRANSPLANT!

EDDIE ALBERT'S SECRET SINS: NO ONE KNOWS – *AND NO ONE CARES!*

EXTRA!!

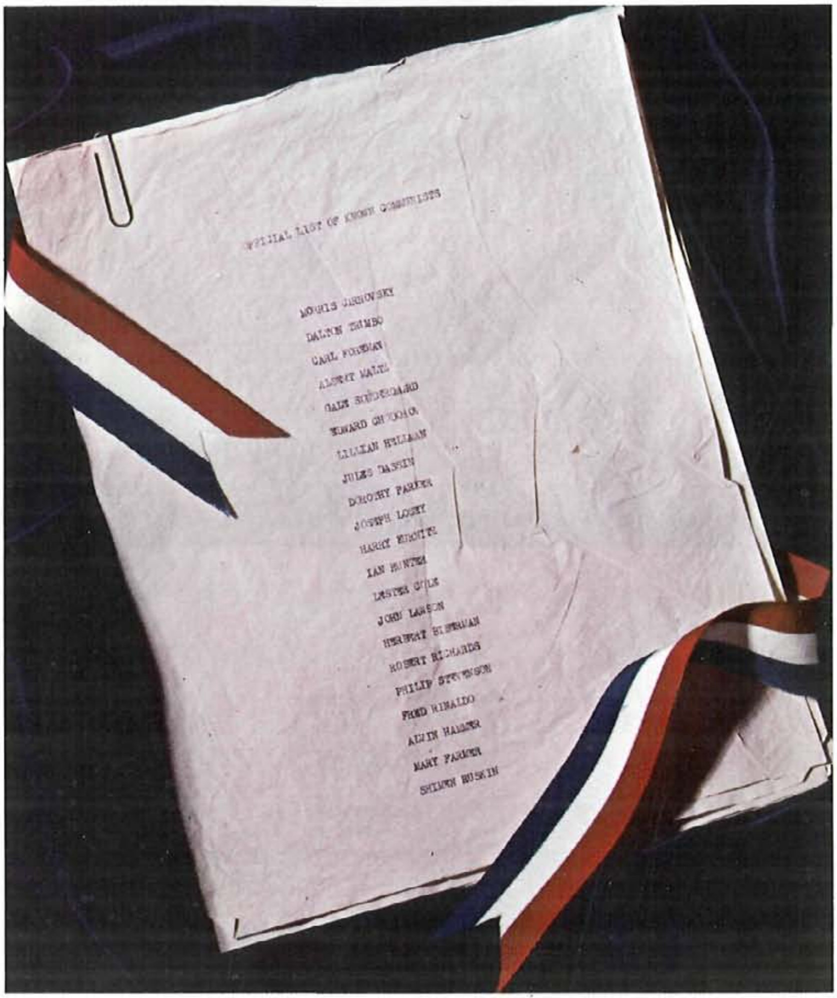
WAYNE NEWTON'S

DEATH-WORSHIPPING-SEX-HIPPIE-DRUG-BRILLIANTINE

CULT!

THE MGM SCANDAL AUCTION

Morbid Mementoes from Hollywood's 10-Karat Golden Age



Joe McCarthy's Original Blacklist The '50's was an exciting time for Hollywood writers and directors, particularly when they were all testifying in Washington. This remembrance (once owned by Elia Kazan) from those wacky witch-hunt years is a one-of-a-kind gold mine of once-famous names.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer back lot is silent now. The wind blows coldly through those once-magical sound stages, and all that remains of this dream factory are bare bones.

Recently, the press covered the final stripping and sale of MGM's warehouses as Hollywood's Greats and Not-So-Greats vied to bring away a souvenir or two. Judy Garland's red shoes from *The Wizard of Oz*. A trench coat worn by Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca*. A chandelier from the gorgeous Twelve Oaks plantation in *Gone With the Wind*. All these relics knocked down and carted away: the end of an era.

But not completely. So profitable were the returns from this auction that the owners of MGM have decided to initiate *another* sale of priceless treasures, but this time for a rather select group of bidders. Searching through the last unopened storehouse on the lot, MGM officials found a number of interesting skeletons simply dying to be uncloseted. Aided by 20th Century-Fox, Warner Brothers and the rest, MGM is about to hold another auction, but this time the souvenir-hunters may well be the souvenir's *original owners* or a close relative.

For example, just think of the price that could be fetched for the *actual knife* with which Lana Turner's daughter successfully whittled Johnny Stompanato! And who could resist making a bid for the actual stash of marijuana (or "muggles") that convicted Robert Mitchum back in the early '50's? And what king's ransom wouldn't be offered gladly for Erich Von Stroheim's collection of leather whips?

In just a few weeks, joint studio collection of sentimental memorabilia will be sold and carted off. Some lucky fan, faded star or prosecuting attorney will treasure these wonder milestones of a glittering Hollywood. . . .



The Grace Kelly Stag Movie Many a young starlet in the late '40's found that breaking into films often required accepting scripts with rather less artistic merit than they would wish. The present Princess of Monaco has bought every copy of this short feature except the one offered next month. While some claim she is embarrassed about the quality of this initial effort, others claim she still has a soft spot for her original costar, Harry the Horse.



James Dean's Favorite Cigarette Butt On screen, he was a brooding tower of quiet strength. Off screen, James was perhaps just a wee bit "kinky." Fondly referred to as "the human ash tray," James enjoyed being burned with lit cigarettes held by friends. Pictured is his absolute favorite, a cigarette butt he named "Spot" and carried with him *from shooting to shooting.*



The Tab Hunter Poisoned Dog Biscuit Remember the little flap in 1966 when Tab got into all that trouble over killing his neighbor's pet spaniel? Sure ruined his clean-cut image. Only slightly nibbled, this keepsake has been sought by hundreds, mostly legal representatives from the ASPCA.

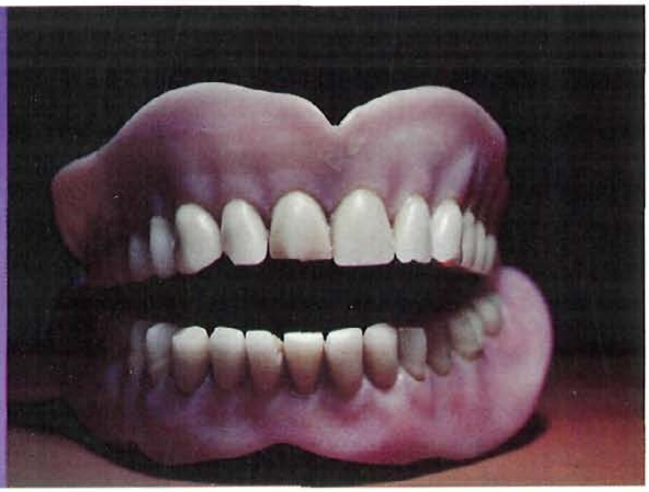
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED SCHULZE



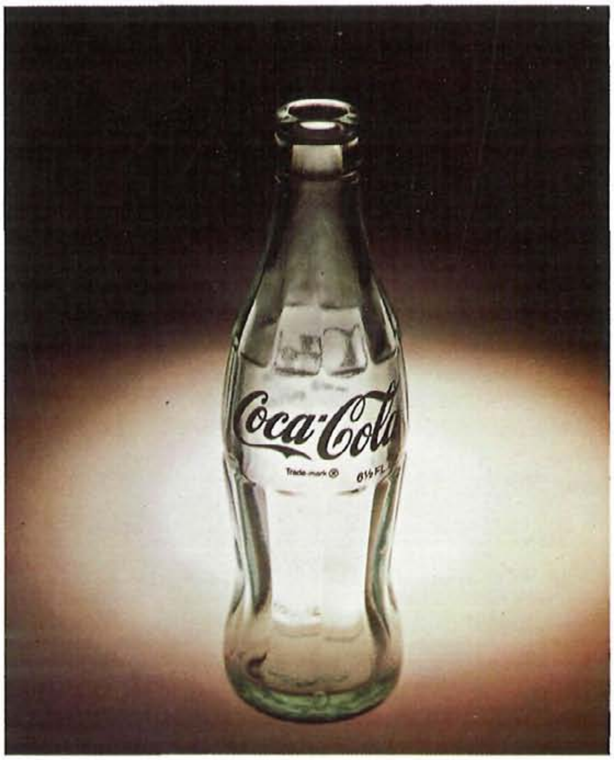
Jane Fonda's Training Bra Although not worn since her "Barbarella" days, this memorable item may have been the important factor (next to Roger Vadim) in giving Jane's career that needed lift.



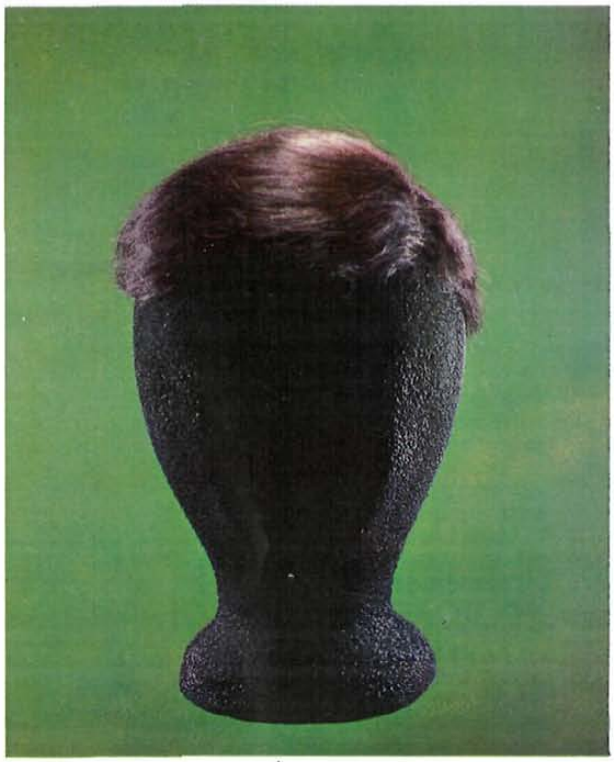
Omar Sharif's Trick Sunglasses Dark and dashing both on the screen and at the card table, Sharif is famous for these specially treated trick sunglasses that helped him in his "bid" for stardom, both in films and in his favorite hobby, competitive bridge. While not always able to help tell a good script from a bad one, these shades are certainly an aid in telling his opponent's hearts from clubs.



Clark Gable's False Teeth Who could resist this treasured pair of "China clippers" that were responsible for the smile that melted millions, including the tempestuous Scarlett O'Hara?



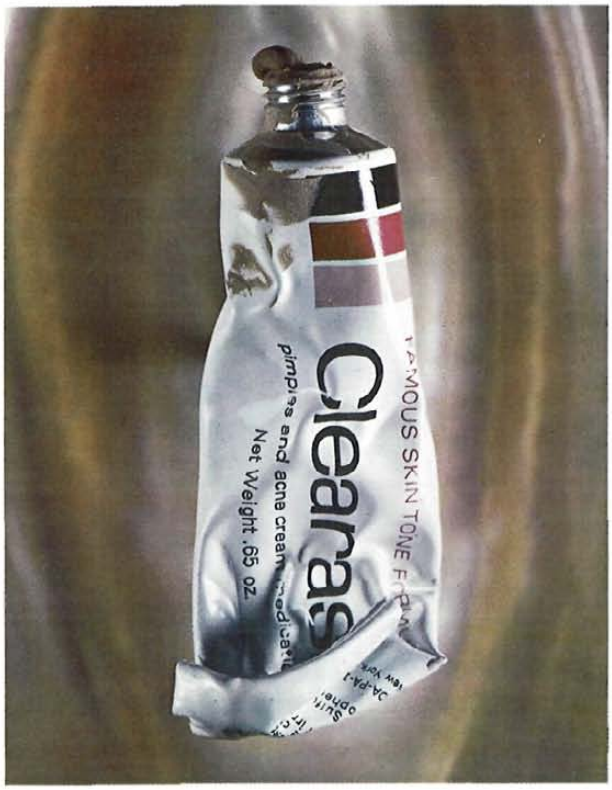
The Fatty Arbuckle Coke Bottle 1921 may seem like a long time ago to younger moviegoers, but there are many silver screen veterans who would pop their corks if they could own "Exhibit A" from the gala murder trial in which the roly-poly comedian was charged with using his trophy to violate and kill Virginia Rappe at a typical Hollywood "get-together."



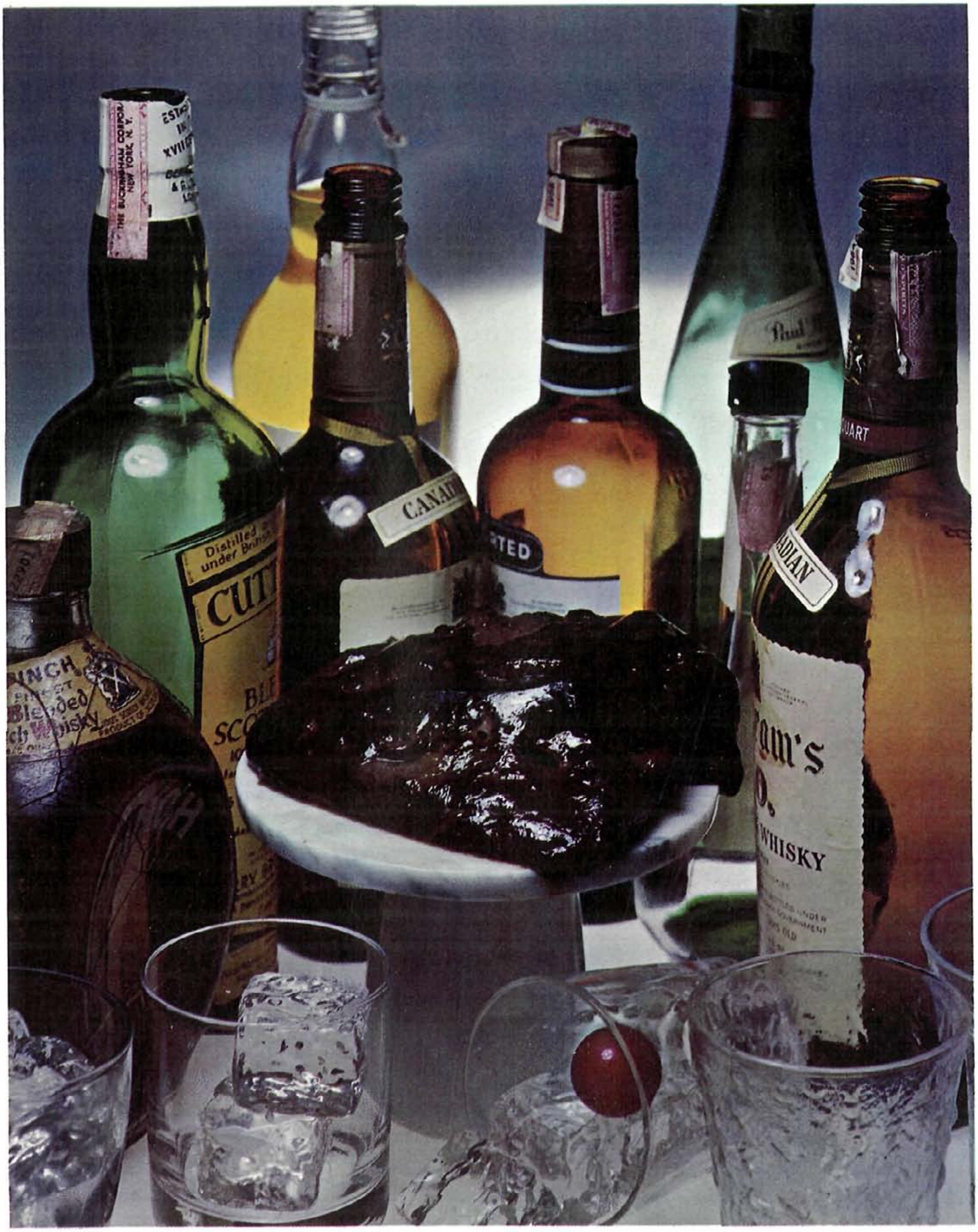
Mike Nichol's Toupee Being a cinematic enfant terrible in the tradition of Orson Welles can be a hard job, particularly if you're going bald prematurely. You can own the hairpiece actually worn during the making of "The Graduate." But don't tell Mike you have it, because he's sure to blow his top.



Paul Newman's Elevator Shoes Buying these handsome red leather pumps will be a tall order for any Newman fan. Many would give their "soles" for the shoes that boosted him into stardom in such classics as "Hud," "Hombre," "Harper" and "Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid."



Richard Burton's Clearasil Tube Millions of women have gone simply gaga over Dick's lumpy features. Revealing years of artistic torment before the final decision to throw away his talent on a series of truly horrific movies, his profile still retains a bit of that boyish spirit.



Dean Martin's Liver Found lying around the sound stage after a particularly active (and liquid) shooting of one of Sinatra's remarkable rat-pack flicks, this beautifully preserved organ is going to make some fortunate bidder one of Hollywood's insiders.


LARRY ROSS/70

CA$HING IN ON CHARLIE

BY GEORGE TROW

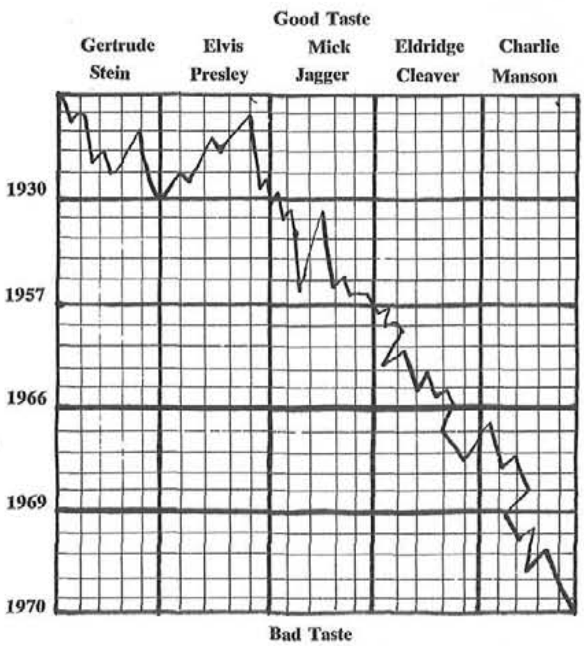
You're a Good Man, Charlie Manson

Show Biz insiders know that Charlie Manson has that special something, that indefinable je ne sais quoi, that unfakable charisma that's known as Star Quality. Like Mick Jagger, Mae West and Andy Warhol, Charlie Manson has the ability to make others sit up and take notice. More than that, he has a fabulous-funky *wickedness* that is all 1970, something very, very NOW. But right now, he's nowhere. "Manson is already so hated by the public that all attempts to exploit his reputation have failed miserably. Of the 2,000 albums of his music that were pressed, less than 300 have sold," says *Rolling Stone* Magazine. Miserable failure. A shameful *waste* of reams of marvelous media exposure. COP-OUT. They'll tell you, all the scared-ass media men with their phoney-ass sideburns running into their bodyshirt collars, that it all has to do with the Puritan-Ethic-Rejection-of-the-Ritual-Murder Concept. COP-OUT! Manson has been *Badly Managed.* That's the long and the short of it.

We asked Ogilvie Pigge of Ogilvie Pigge Associates, the controversial image-builder who got Jacqueline Susann into the Junior League and who brought *Esquire* Magazine out of the barber shop and into the drawing room, to devise the right campaign for Charlie. His report:

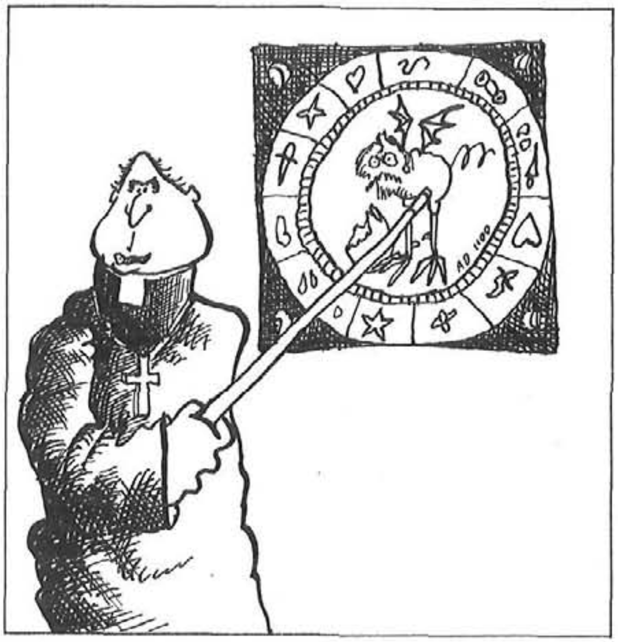
The Cash-In-on-Charlie Campaign
The Funk Threshold Concept
Put It to Work and Make Big $

1. *Funk Threshold.* The Mass Market has a Funk Threshold. The Funk Threshold slides down the Funk Continuum.



To Stay Hip and Earn Big $, stay as close as you can to the sliding Funk Threshold *without actually crossing it.* Stay too far away from the Funk Threshold and you sacrifice hipness. CROSS the Funk Threshold and you sacrifice Big $. EMBRACE the Funk Threshold and slide it *further down* the Funk Continuum without actually crossing it, and you will SEND LITTLE ELECTRIC FUNK THRILL CHARGES THROUGH THE MASS AUDIENCE, ACHIEVE MAXIMUM HIPNESS AND MAKE BIG $.

Manson, due to bungling mismanagement, has crossed the Funk Threshold. This is why his record is a bomb.



Manson must be placed on an auspicious position on the Funk Continuum so that he can EMBRACE the Funk Threshold, slide it further down the Funk Continuum WITHOUT ACTUALLY CROSSING IT. Tricky, but not impossible. Manson will not be as difficult to promote, for instance, as Personal Feminine Hygiene Deodorant Spray.

TIMING: Manson will be on trial for at least a year. There will be a mistrial because Manson has already been "tried in the press" and it will be impossible to find 12 impartial jurors. By the time of the mistrial, public sympathy will begin to shift a bit in Manson's favor. Without undercutting his funkiness, we can then begin to stress his *vulnerability*. We will show that he is a *victim*. At the same time, it will be possible to obtain endorsements from prominent people with established places on the Funk Continuum.

Vulnerability

Life Magazine devotes a full issue to "The Tortured Childhood of Charlie Manson," and commissions Dr. Benjamin Spock to cover the trial.

ILLUSTRATION BY LARRY ROSS

A radical caucus of Presbyterian ministers raises money for Manson's defense for the second trial. A radical Catholic priest examines Manson's links to early Christian mystical cabals, in *The New York Review of Books.*

Endorsements

Jean Genet calls Manson "The True Existential Criminal."

Eldridge Cléaver calls him "The Only White Man I Can Trust."

Cash In on Charlie at the Theater

1. He stars in a ritual reenactment of the murders at the La Mama Theater.

Cash In on Charlie in Films

2. Godard films him in *Helter Skelter.*
3. He releases a statement saying that while he admires Godard, his favorite movie is *Repulsion.* He announces plans to stage a Roman Polanski Film Festival.



During the period of the second trial, Cash In on Charlie with *Serious Books* (no records).

1. *The Autobiography of Charlie Manson*
2. *The Grateful Dead,* a new novel by Jean Genet
3. *Sowing the Wind,* Dr. Benjamin Spock's account of Manson's childhood
4. Dr. Benjamin Spock's account of the trial, *Reaping the Whirlwind*

By this time, Charlie is a serious figure. At the time of his acquittal, he will be ready to EMBRACE the Funk Threshold and RIP IT OFF.

Cash In on Charlie on Wax

4. He marries Mama Cass Elliott, in Central Park.

RELEASE RECORDS.

5. Ethel Scull, in social eclipse since the death of Pop Art, takes him up and gives lavish parties in his honor.
6. Tom Wolfe covers the Scull-Manson parties.
7. Finally, as the period of Charlie's MAXIMUM HIPNESS begins to wane, as he becomes more and more an accepted (if slightly controversial) figure, we Cash In on Charlie on the Tube.

And . . . HERE'S CHARLIE. □

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER BRAMLEY

RACQUEL WELCH LAID BARE



BY FRAN KAFKA

Raquel Welch . . . The mere mention of her name kindles the flame of lust, her chiseled features launch 100 million American males on far-flung odysseys of erotic fantasy, wrested from snug home and devoted wife.

What is the secret of her hypnotic power which even now threatens to destroy man's domestic contentment?





It all began on a rainy spring morning, April 21, 1940 in Toledo, Ohio, when Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Welch were presented with an 8-pound baby girl. Even then, Raquel, as she was named, showed inklings of her ultimate destiny.

As a child of 10, her special gifts were already suspected by her playmates.









An excellent student, Raquel studied hard and worked during her summer vacations to save money for college, where she hoped to obtain a degree as a practical nurse. But on a fateful rainy spring morning, April 21, 1958, she suddenly had a vision of her true calling in life.

Raquel packed her few belongings and stowed away on the last train to Hollywood, Calif. At first, it was not easy for her, because there were evil men who wished to exploit her talents in base and unseemly ways.

COLLAGES BY TOM DIMOND



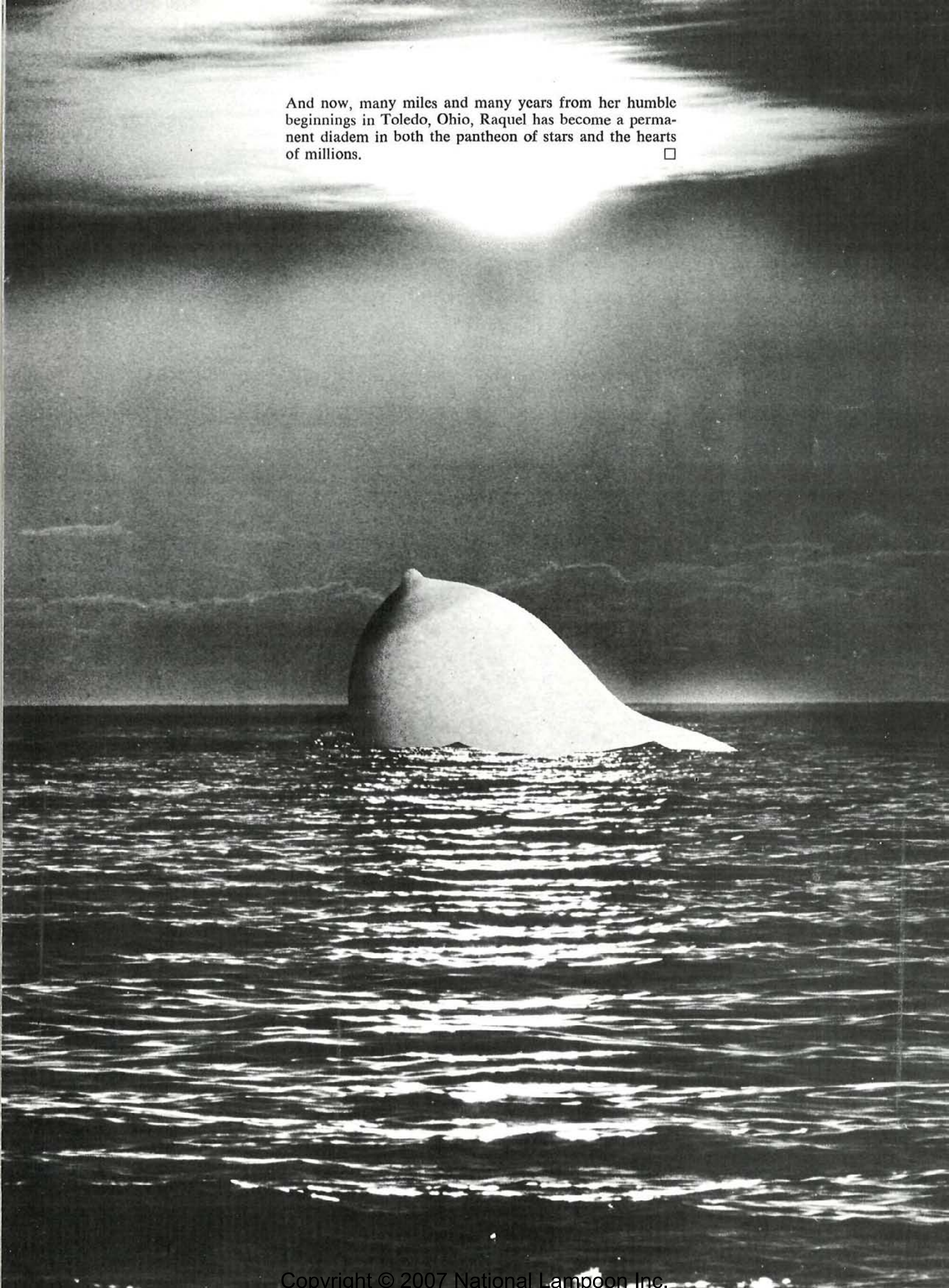
But even in these early days, Raquel's "certain something" made her stand out from all the others.





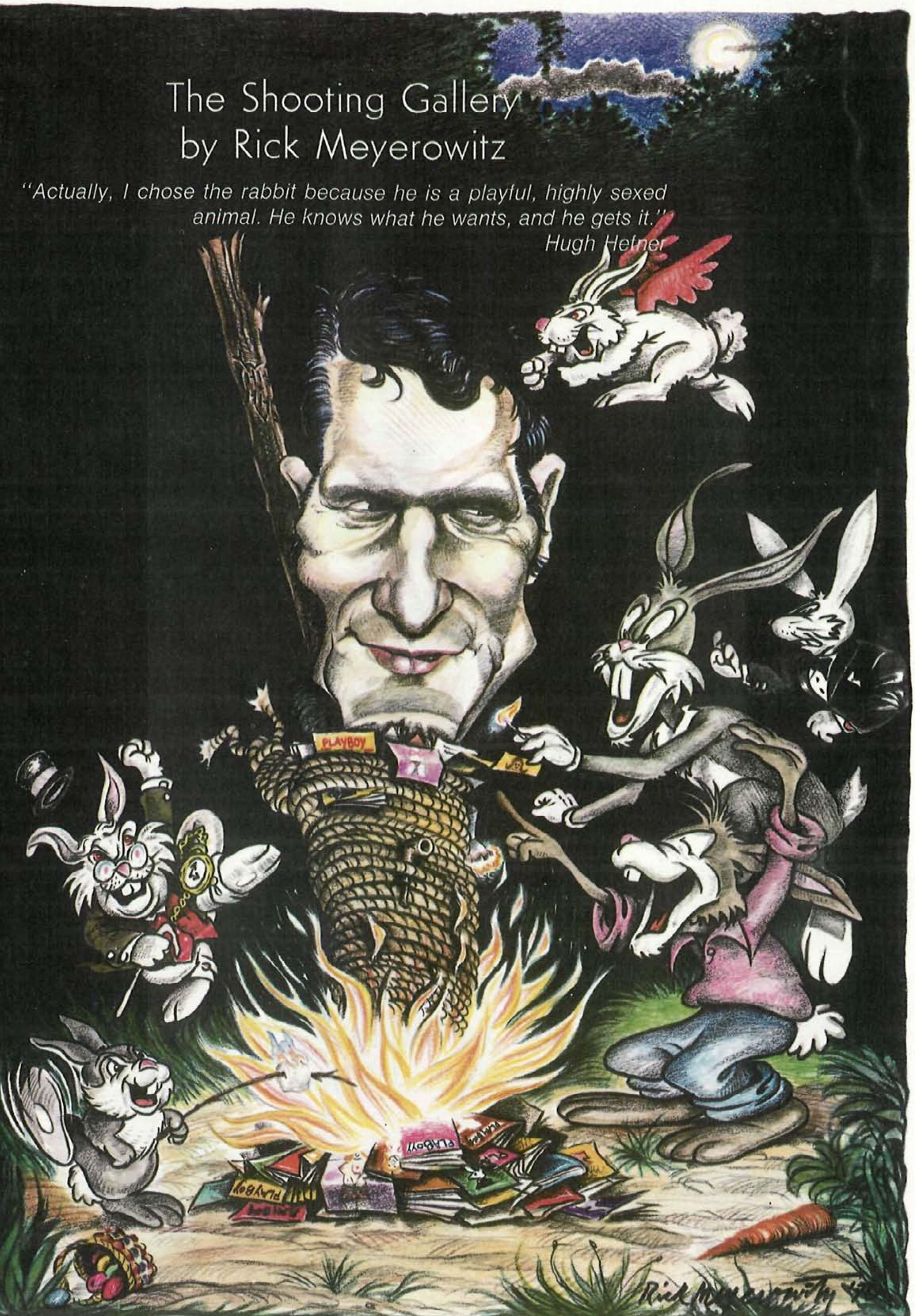
The rest is history; every new role was a triumph and her popularity grows with each stunning portrayal.

And now, many miles and many years from her humble beginnings in Toledo, Ohio, Raquel has become a permanent diadem in both the pantheon of stars and the hearts of millions. □



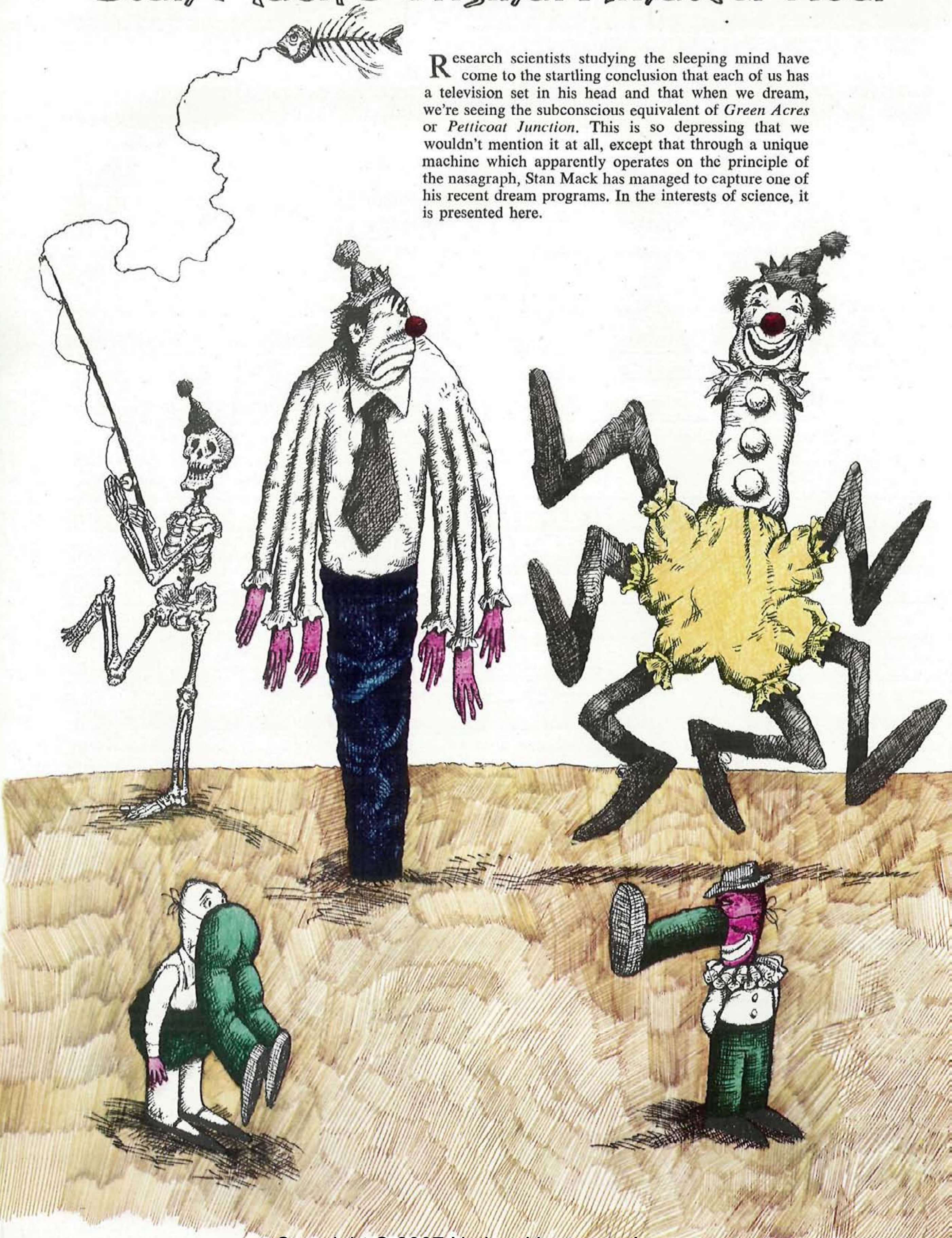
The Shooting Gallery
by Rick Meyerowitz

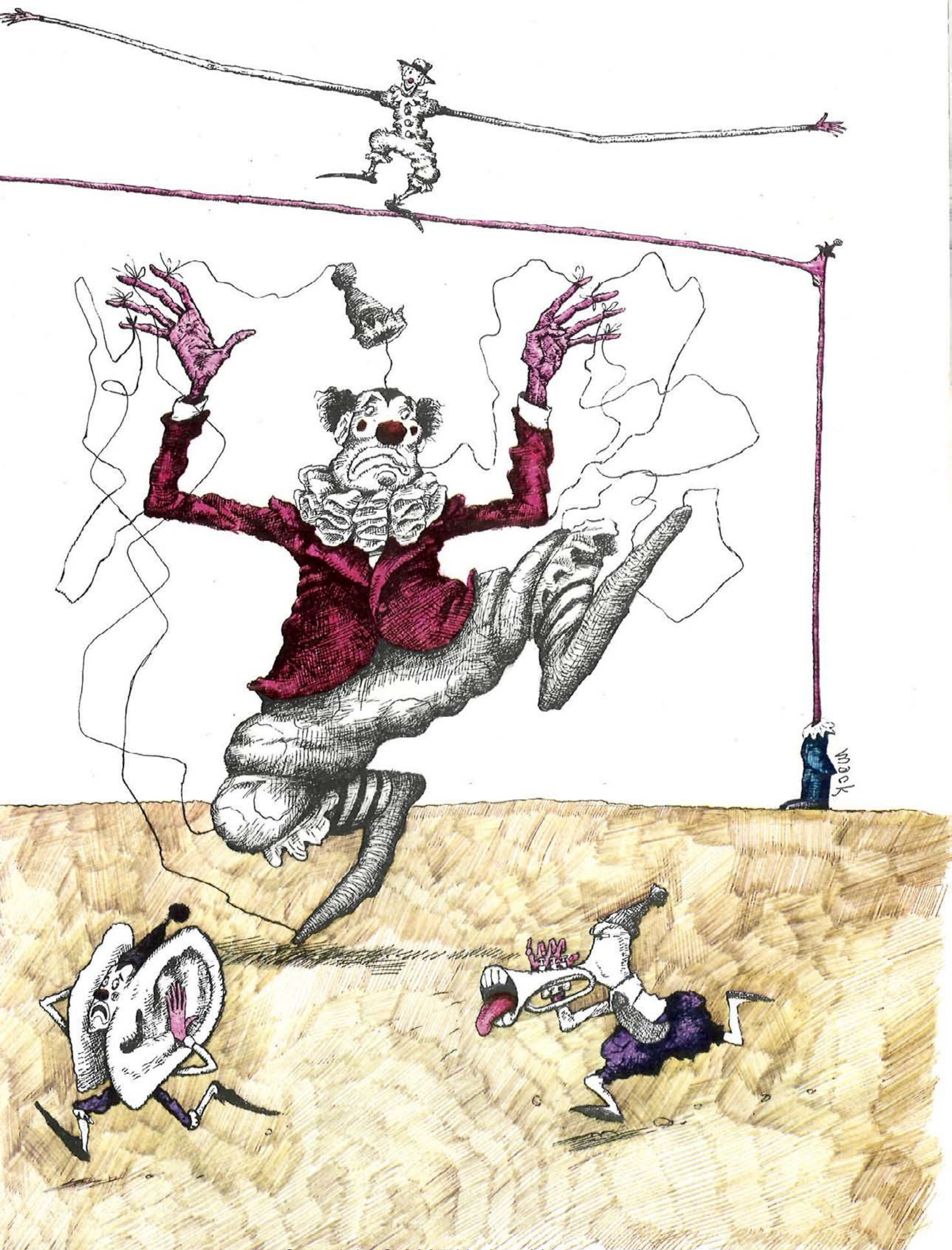
"Actually, I chose the rabbit because he is a playful, highly sexed animal. He knows what he wants, and he gets it."
Hugh Hefner



Stan Mack's Original Amateur Hour

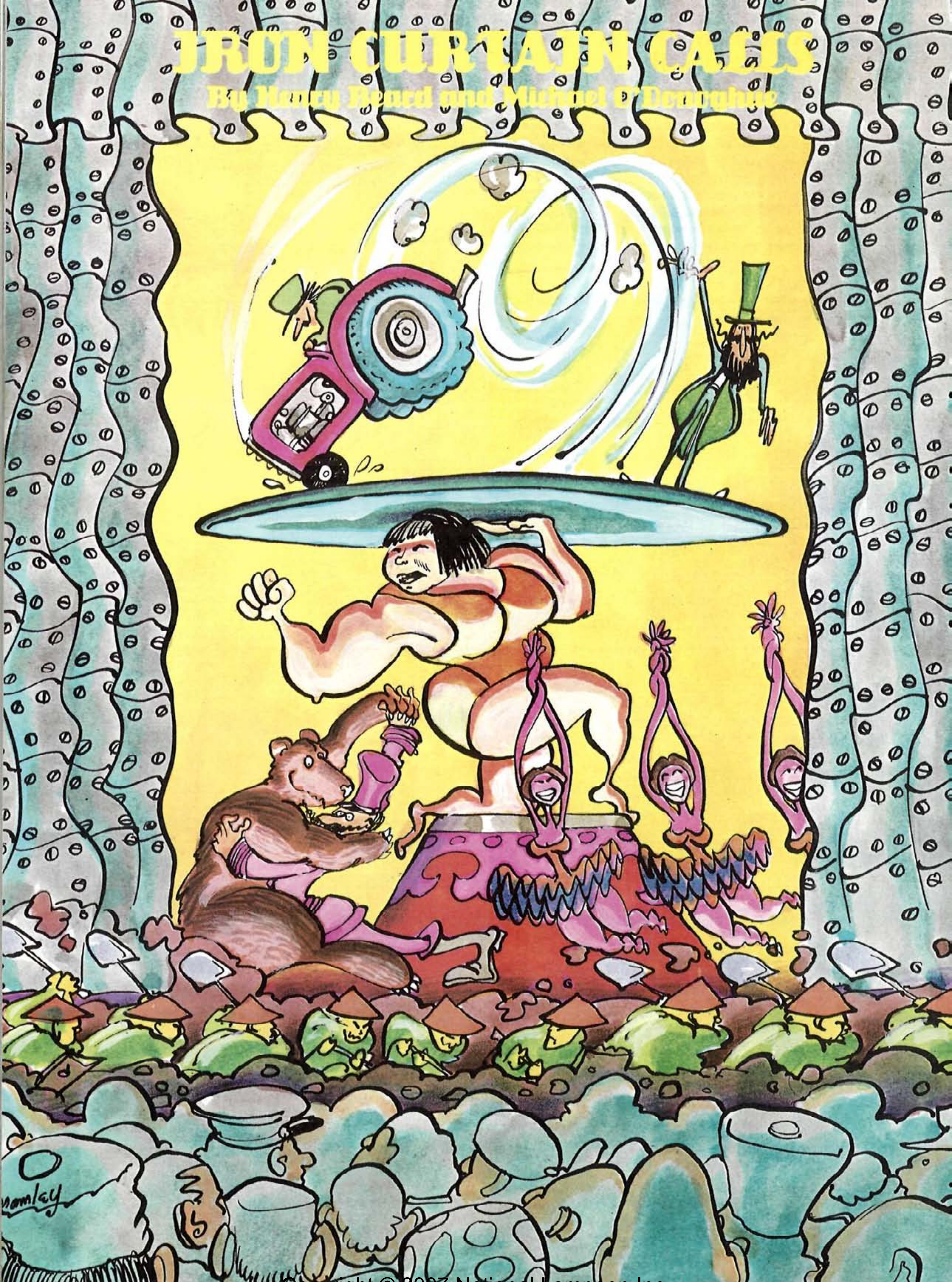
Research scientists studying the sleeping mind have come to the startling conclusion that each of us has a television set in his head and that when we dream, we're seeing the subconscious equivalent of *Green Acres* or *Petticoat Junction*. This is so depressing that we wouldn't mention it at all, except that through a unique machine which apparently operates on the principle of the nasagraph, Stan Mack has managed to capture one of his recent dream programs. In the interests of science, it is presented here.




mack

IRON CURTAIN CALLS

By Henry Beard and Michael O'Donoghue



VARIETSKY

Vol. 53 No. 5 MOSCOW, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1970 50 KOPEKS

8 NEW B'SHOI HITS!

L'grad Show Trial In 6th Boff Week

Leningrad, Sept. 4

The trial of Kiev-based actor-playwright Vladimir Denyevitch for anti-Soviet activity entered its sixth straight week on Monday, making it the top courtroom spectacular of the 1970 show trial season.

Talefsky's poltical weeper has racked up socko attendance figures, drawing 5,800 per week to the new 750-seat Hall of Justice showplace in the heart of Leningrad's trendy Courthouse District.

Talefsky, who spent the last five years in winter stock in Tundragrad before breaking into the legit show-trial scene, figures the stager is good for another month at least. (*continued on page 27*)

Oh! Kropotkin In Strong Bid For Rubes' Rubles

Volgagrad, Sept. 2

Vasily Semonyentev's socko dialectical revue looked more and more like a surefire box office winner as it moved into a long-run road show situation this week. Chief attractions of the banned-in-Byelorussia smash are its fast-moving snappy ideology and several well-publicized scenes in which the cast performs out of uniform.

In its short stay in the provinces, this hot state property easily outgrossed *1919!*, *Fiddler in the Cellar* and *The Sound of Threshers*, and Director Semonyentev sees no reason why the trend shouldn't continue.

The unusual show had a long Moscow engagement last year at the 12th of November People's Theater (the old 18th of October) and picked up a swatch of raves: "Glorious" (Pravda); "Must See" (Pravda); "Best of Season" (Pravda); "Cast Is (*continued on page 41*)

BALLET BACK WITH MORE FANCY STEPPES

Moscow, Sept. 3

The 53rd Annual Bolshoi Theater season opened here this Monday with the traditional lighting of the Eternal Flame in the Square of Perpetual Motion by Cultural Minister Andrei Tsvardosky.

The new shows are: *Good Bolshoi; Hello, Bolshoi!; Funny Bolshoi; Please Don't Eat the Bolshoi; The Bolshoi Game;* and *Last of the Red Hot Bolshois.*

This week also saw the opening of a number of new off-Bolshoi productions, including *You're a Good Man, Anastas Mikoyan* and *The Persecution and Assassination of Leon Trotsky as Performed by the Inmates of Vladimir Prison under the Direction of Marshall Zhukov.*

If past seasons (*continued on page 43*)

Dir. Yakubovsky Gets Blank Czech

Prague, Sept. 3

Producers of Warsaw Pix's epic war film, *The Liberation of Europe,* began the third straight year of shooting this week as the entire 240,000-man cast assembled for a re-staging of the battle of Brno. Thirty million rubles have already gone into production of the spectacular, which is being filmed on location in Czechoslovakia.

Director Yakubovsky has brought together thousands of tanks, planes and artillery pieces for the mammoth cinematic history of the defeat of fascism. Actors dressed as soldiers have become a common sight in Prague and other major Czechoslovakian cities, and Czech citizens have enthusiastically taken roles in massive street scene sequences.

Shooting of the pic is expected to last several more years, and the final cost of the projected 10-reeler may hit 100 million. No release date has been announced, (*continued on page 31*)

Soviet Academy Announces Awards

Moscow, Sept. 4

The Academy of Socialist Film Makers and Cinematographic Workers announced its widely copied annual awards today at the traditional gathering in the Palace of the Progressive Peoples of the World. Leading Academician V. I. Petrov of the Cinematic Council of the Estonian S.S.R. made the presentations of the coveted plaster busts of Lavrenti P. Beria, the father of Soviet film makers, to representatives of winning cinema collectives.

An award for Best Actress was won by Olga Voznensky for her role as Tamara in *Whatever Happened to Babi Yar?* Ilya Georgiev was declared Best Actor for his portrayal of the old farmer in *Preparing Turnips for Broth Purposes.* A Hero (*continued on page 18*)

Nothing Fishy About Shrimp's Record M'cow Run

Moscow, Sept. 1

Dmitri Kaskov's new one-actor, *The Shrimp Fisherman,* continued to wow the theater scene as it set a new long-run record. The cast, third since the show opened three weeks ago, celebrated the 20th straight performance on Thursday. Previous legit record-holder was Blashky's *The Dutiful Worker,* which ran for *17 days in 1962.*

Playwrite Kaskov credits a strong socialist theme, the deletion of three unsound acts, and nearly empty houses for *Shrimp Fisherman's* success.

The play, which treats the dilemma of a fisherman in World War II who must choose between his love for his shrimp boat and his love (*continued on page 12*)

THE SOVIET ZONE AFTER DARK

Your own personal guide to night life in East Berlin, Courtesy of the management of the Hotel Microphone (located in the heart of old Berlin — only two minutes from Karl Marx Platz and the historic Roman Wall)

"Making you happy keeps us occupied"
No Tipping

Cultural

The Old Quarter. After an afternoon spent browsing through this carefully preserved 4-square-mile section of Berlin as it was in 1945, stay for an evening's entertainment — a sound-and-light show that dramatically recreates great moments in the history of the German Democratic Republic. From your seat in the unique Peace Pit, you can watch at leisure as important events come to life around you, among them the death of Hitler, the liberation of Berlin by the glorious Red Army, and the foolish imperialist attempt to fly Berlin stone by stone to the U.S. during the infamous Berlin Airlift. The show begins at 8.

The Beethoven Symphony Hall. One of the jewels of postwar architecture, the Beethoven Symphony Hall rivals the pyramids — after which it was patterned — in size and beauty. There is always a full program of music for every taste. During the month of September, the Staat Sinfonie will present a salute to Fritz Fangel, noted modern German composer. Seats: 4 and 6 Marks. Performances at 3 and 7.



The Old Quarter

The Brecht Theater. For the very best in drama, visit the Brecht Theater, named for the great playwright, one of the untold dozens who sought sanctuary in the GDR when the NATO Nazis took power in West Germany. Playing during September are [redacted] and [redacted]. All tickets: 8 Marks. Curtain time is 6:45.

Progressive

The Grim Room of the Hotel Baltic-Mediterranean. For those who like both old-world charm and a dazzling floor show thrown in, too, the Grim Room is a must. Close your eyes and — poof! — you're in the storybook Berlin of Engels and Marx. But don't forget to open them or you'll miss the remarkable display of skill and coordination of the Leaping Leibfraulein Trampoliners, the fabulous card tricks of Doktor Amazo and the lovable antics of the famous Degensdorf Performing Kelp. Admission: 2 Marks.

Café de la Revolution. There is an old saying that if you sit at a table in this famous café long enough, you will see every car in the GDR. In between looking at these interesting vehicles, you may want to cast an eye or two at the lovely waitresses clad in their colorful national costume of rags and patches, or just listen to the sweet waltzes played by Comrade Willi Drabbe and his syncopated accordions. 2 Marks for a table near the orchestra; 4 Marks, elsewhere.

Heinz Schutz's Original Hammer and Sickle. Rub shoulders with popular celebrities from all over the Warsaw Pact in this smart, internationally known cabaret. You will want to leave your footprints in the famed Place of the Footprints (1 Mark) and feed the famous tame pigeons in the lovely Bird Area. Appearing nightly throughout September are the comedy team of Klaus and Stumpf, talented singer Eva Tintzec with her fine program of anthems from around the socialist world, and the remarkable Konrad Kulz, who has been awarded the

Fun at The Grim Room of the Hotel Baltic-Mediterranean!



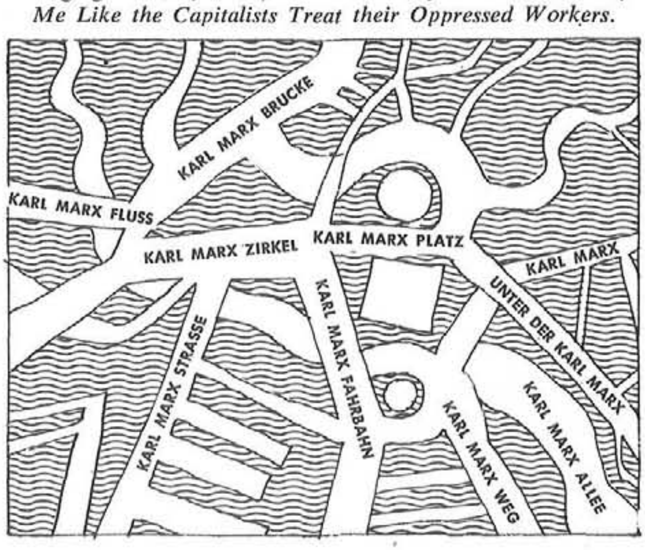
Order of Lenin for his uncanny imitations of the sylvan creatures that abound in his native Black Forest.

The Klub Kasino. A converted barge on the Oder River is the locale for some fast-paced entertainment and a fling with Comrade Luck. The stakes can get pretty high as 100 Marks rides on the flip of a coin or the toss of a horseshoe in the plush Gaming Room. But don't let the speed of the action make you miss the exciting entertainment. The sweet sounds of Herman Kastelruhe and His 101 Glockenspiels will soothe any losses, and the well-known Romanian trick roller skater and folk singer Nikolai Manescu will surprise you with his great talent. Also appearing in September are the Sixteen Segesberg Sisters, the Schnappettes, and Billi Gorp.

The Watchtower. You'll dine and dance high above the hustle and bustle of Berlin at this chic cabaret in the clouds. Frequent firework displays lend a festive air as you twist-twist to the hot music of The Dialecticians or fox-trot to the soft sounds of Lorenz Todlau and his Billion Balalaikas. During September, the Konigsberg Trio sings their famous songs, including *Riga Farewell*, *Surfing People's Republic* and *Teen Revisionist*.

Decadent (but fun!)

El Vopo. Intimate dancing and quiet talk are the order of the night at this exclusive watering spot. The flicker of candles in colorful wine bottles provides a suitable backdrop for the artistic and amusing shadow displays of Helmut Kringer and the moody sounds of Maria Metzendorf singing *Liters of Love*, *Sweet Solidarity* and *Don't Treat Me Like the Capitalists Treat their Oppressed Workers*.



The Pink Panzer. Ever wonder why there are no demonstrations or noisy street marches in the GDR? Well, maybe it's because everyone is down at the Pink Panzer, a daring little bistro where no one protests about the delicious Bulgarian champagne and the only picket line is around the stage. See the forbidden Dance of the Nylon Stockings. Watch as skillful performers juggle the produce of the rich Silesian plain. Thrill as the remarkable Heinrich Glotz eats a flaming cuckoo clock.

Checkpoint Charlie. The "in" place for the traveler who wants to see the Berlin that tourists miss. Drink Cokes, eat Hershey Bars and chew gum as a women's crack precision marching team performs tricky about-faces and weird salutes.

The Bunker. No evening would be complete without a stop at this intimate little hole-in-the-wall in a cellar in the famed Old Quarter. Sip brandy from the distant Caspian and wine from the fabled Balkans. Choose from among 100 varieties of beans and sausages. Appearing during September are Sergio Mendoza and the Cuba 56, the 26th of July Red Hot Marimba Band, and Lily Lorelei and the Spirit of Yalta Singers.



Fun at the Bunker!

The East Is Red West. If Oriental cuisine and the fast-moving acts of the swinging East are your pleasure, this lavish nightspot should be at the top of your list. Like its famous counterpart in the Mongolian People's Republic, the East Is Red West serves up tempting delicacies of all kinds, from the spicy mutton dip and tangy prune wine you will find on the handsome menu to the charming serving girls who will bring your food from the kitchen area to your own personal table. Topping the entertainment bill during September are Ula Natuk doing the strange folk dances of mysterious Mongolia and Agsa Batur and his talented and lovable jumping sheep.

Max Werner's Workers' Paradise. In Budapest, it's the Café Cacca; in Warsaw, it's the Sign of the Bewildered Oxen; and in Berlin, it's the Workers' Paradise. Stop by after the theater for a bowl of the famous boiled water and a glass of elm beer. Join in the singing of old favorites as honkey-tonk accordion virtuoso Gerhard Uckman bangs out the melodies. Before leaving, don't forget to drop a 10-Mark note in the famous wishing basket for good luck.

You just can't leave the Zone without a visit to the *Foreign Exchange.* Whether it's a fine Leica camera, a Bulgarian army knife, a case of North Korean Scotch or only one of our popular hand-painted exit visas, you won't want to miss this fine store. Open 24 hours.



We fervently welcome all peace-loving film fans to the 1970 Festival of Socialist Cinema!

The Entries:

The Gift of the State. (Albania) Anton and Eva are too poor to give each other anything on Karl Marx's birthday, so each turns in the other to the security police as a social parasite for reward money to buy the other a gift with.

Railroad of Hope. (Bulgaria) The sons of a peasant are depressed because their town has no railroad. A neighboring town does, but it is too far away. "What is the use of living in a town that lacks this vital and progressive form of transportation?", they ask themselves.

Kalanishkaya. (U.S.S.R.) In a moving allegory, a shepherd is forced to make a difficult ideological choice when he discovers that three of his sheep have secretly set up a knitting shop.

The Nylon Stockings. (Poland) A dedicated worker at a pocket fluff factory pledges to double his lint quota, but agents of revisionism and cynical tools of the fascist ruling cliques try to break his resolution with filthy lures.

The Curse of the Zionists. (Poland) Brilliant scientists experimenting with a new method of turning shoes into chocolate bars and wrist watches accidentally set loose a deadly plague of dangerous creatures.

Agent Zed-9. (Romania) Georghi Butescu, the people's spy, uncovers a neo-nazi plot to flood socialist countries with cheap imitations of high-quality local products.

The Dam. (Bulgaria) Surely there is no jubilation in Washington, D.C., when the imperialists learn that the new hydro-electric dam at Zbrnjo produces 250,000 kilowatts and provides life-giving water for the entire phosphate-rich Jbrnzo Valley!

The Radio of Terror. (Vietnam) Heroic soldiers fighting the interventionists are frightened and dismayed when they learn that the Allied Command Network broadcasts, which they relied on for information, are being censored.

Boat of Life. (Korea) The crew of a Wonsan-based patrol boat rescues an American "fisherman" from the Sea of Japan and soon discovers that the prisoner cannot be trusted.

La Baguenella. (Cuba) There is an old saying in Puerta del Tuna that when the sea gulls come and cry "hoo-hoo-hoo," there will be much rain. It is a silly saying, thinks Manuel, for the town is lousy with sea gulls and it has not rained in six years.

The Reindeer of Glavortsk. (Lithuana) Life is hard for the Baltic slug fishermen. Most of them go crazy and rush around trying to get the finals of the football championship on reindeer, which in their madness they mistake for television sets.

Maria Galinga. (Czechoslovakia) Poor Maria Galinga. Her evil father has imprisoned her in a storm drain and passersby cannot hear her shouts for help over the song of the sidewalk dust-kitty vendors. "Vaselk fluniek malou!" she cries, but if anyone notices, they're not telling.

Showdown at Bad Godesburg. (Germany) An heroic sheriff foils a hold-up attempt, then shoots it out with a vicious band of renegades and thieves barricaded in the old cathedral.

Rutabaga. (Hungary) Sonya is waiting impatiently in the Square of the Resolute Rebuffers of Nazi Tyranny, but Anton will be late. He is trapped between two produce trucks on the Budapest-Glinka road.

The Old Bicycle Salesman. (Korea) A veteran of the 1952 war, now a kindly shopkeeper, is troubled by vivid flashbacks of American atrocities.

The Trowelers of Klatzno. (Hungary) The ways of the Klatzno trowelers have not changed much in the last 1,000 years. They arise early, spend the day troweling, eat the traditional meal of steamcakes and baked water and go to bed. Happy is the lot of the trowelers of Klatzno!

Ri Ti Ti. (Vietnam) A young guerilla is reluctant to leave his dog behind in Thailand and becomes a hero when his faithful pet catches the scent of approaching American bombers.

Nona Flenzig. (Bulgaria) Little Nona Flenzig grows more sickly every day. Her hair falls out, her ears swell and her skin becomes splotchy and gray. Her friends discover too late that she had been reading Western propaganda.

The Guns of the U.S.S. Enterprise. (Korea) The patriotic People's Militia must break through American lines and silence the big guns of the aircraft carrier Enterprise. But how?

WITH HUGO FLESCH

THE NEWS OF POLAND, WARSAW, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1970

Television Programs for the Week

Monday

6:00 AM: Calisthenics. Deep knee bends.
6:30 AM: Ukrainian Language Hour: News and comment.
7:30 AM: Yesterday's Weather in Review.
7:45 AM: Breakfast Report: Eggs.
8:00 AM: Children's Theater: Jiri Tanovic and His Puppets of the Wall Street Profiteers.
9:00 AM: Technical difficulties.
1:00 PM: The 1959 Afro-Asian Games from Djakarta. Today, the People's Hurdles and the People's Shot Put.
2:00 PM: Discover Poland.
2:10 PM: Poland: Land of Enchantment, Land of Plenty.
2:15 PM: This Is Warsaw.
2:20 PM: This Is Lodz.
2:30 PM: This Is the Fruitful Eastern Region.
2:40 PM: Discover Bulgaria.
3:00 PM: Music Hour: The Tanzanian Solidarity Bongo Trio.
4:00 PM: The Polish Corridor: Avenue to the Future or Gateway to Progress?
7:00 PM: Welcome Back to Your Snug Homes, Happy Workers!
7:05 PM: How Was Your Day?
7:10 PM: Kitchen Hints: How to Make a Tasty Steam Souffle.
7:15 PM: News and Power Failures.
7:30 PM: Milo Moczar's Original Anti-Semitic Hour.
8:30 PM: Headball: The Wroclaw Overproducers vs the Litovsky Plan-Fulfillers.
9:30 PM: Polish Masterwork Hour: Zoltan Lumsza's Symphony #156 in G minor, *The Textile Mill*, and Myrclaw Blnka's *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Lathe Worker.*
10:00 PM: National Anthem: Tonight, verse 34: "We salute you, oh Poland, for your many mountains, your large number of rivers and your sizable grassy areas. And let's not forget your forests. You have lots of those."

Tuesday

6:00 AM: Calisthenics: Running in Place.
6:30 AM: News Report: What Happened 25 and 50 Years Ago Today.
7:30 AM: The Weekly Weather Roundup.
8:00 AM: Children's Hour: Pipi the Revisionist Pig and the Magic Shoe.
9:00 AM: Frank Self-Criticism Hour: Overproduction in the Shoe Industry.
10:00 AM: The Shoe — Our Personal Tramway.
10:30 AM: Kitchen Hints: How to Make a Spicy Shoestring Salad.
11:00 AM: Gardening Hints: Old Shoes Make Good Smudge Pots.
11:30 AM: Construction Industry Report: New Building Materials Add Strength and Beauty to House Construction.
12:00 PM: Poland: Shoe Capital of the World.
12:30 PM: Dedication of the Karl Marx Salmon Ladder. Live from Brno.
1:00 PM: Great Moments in Table Tennis.
1:30 PM: Know Your Tools: Today, the Vise.
2:00 PM: World History: The American Role in the 30-Year War.
2:45 PM: The Big Pact: 1969 Warsaw Pact maneuvers in Bulgaria, featuring mass saluting.
3:00 PM: Great Cities of Europe: Lodz.
3:15 PM: Special Report: The Tire Shortage.
4:00 PM: Anti-Semitic Roundup: The Jewish Role in the Tire Crisis.
5:00 PM: News Bulletin: Jewish tire-conversion plant uncovered; thousands of pairs of shoes seized.
5:30 PM: Statement of Interior Minister Moczar about Jewish Tire Provocateurs.
6:00 PM: Celebrity Hour: Popular singer Lily Slivovitz sings songs of Old Poland. Anton Valowski on the 17-string sickle, Janos Marek on the oil drums.
7:00 PM: Greetings, Returning Workers!
7:15 PM: News and Technical Difficulties.
8:30 PM: Ballet: Live from Moscow, the Bolshoi. Tonight, Tchaikovsky's *Homage to Lenin Overture* and Mozart's *Requiem for Klaus Fuchs.*
9:30 PM: Medical Report: Scientists Link American Radio Broadcasts to Cancer.
10:00 PM: Calisthenics. Verse 2 and 3.

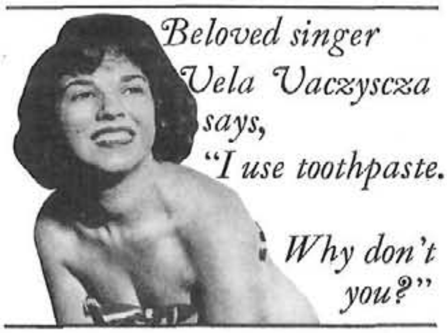
Wednesday

6:00 AM: National Anthem: Jumping Jacks.
6:30 AM: News in Brief.
6:35 AM: The Weather in Depth.
6:45 AM: Sun Report.
7:00 AM: Rain Report.
7:30 AM: Cloud Roundup.
7:45 AM: Fun at the Factory.
8:00 AM: Children's Playhouse: Running-Dog of the Imperialists, Come Home.
9:00 AM: Kitchen Hints: How to Make Tangy Paper Fritters.
9:30 AM: Parade of the Nations. Live from Budapest.
10:00 AM: History of Poland: The Invention of Pipe Cleaners.
10:30 AM: World History: Sir Francis Drake and the Defeat of the American Armada.
11:00 AM: Poland: Pearl of the Baltic.
11:30 AM: The Baltic: Sea of Promise.
12:00 AM: Gardening Hints: The Hidden Grocery Store in Your Backyard.
12:30 PM: Putting New Life in Your Brooms.
1:00 PM: Medical Report: The Hidden Pharmacy in Your Medicine Chest.
2:00 PM: Caring for Your Faucets.
2:30 PM: Road Safety Program: Caring for Your Corns; Avoiding Nasty Spills.
3:00 PM: Launching of People's Destroyer *Ladislawy Blenchk.* Live from Konigsberg.
3:15 PM: The Big Pact: Sea-rescue maneuvers. Live from Konigsberg.
4:30 PM: Friendship Hour: Chad and Dahomey, the Twin Pillars of African Progressivism.
5:30 PM: Special Report: State of the Workers' Paradise Address by Party Leader Wladyslaw Gomulka. Live from the Hall of the People.
10:00 PM: National Anthem.

Thursday

6:00 AM: Calisthenics: Bend and Touch.
6:30 AM: News and Loss of Visual Reception.
7:00 AM: Breakfast Serenade.
7:30 AM: Sports in Review.
8:00 AM: Children's Show: Jumping Jiri the Fascist Jackal.
8:30 AM: Factory Facts: The Role of Bismuth in the Production of Pressed Glass.
9:00 AM: Special Report: Celebration of 25th anniversary of the liberation of Radcazny by triumphant units of the fraternal Red Army at 9 A.M., September 9, 1945.
9:30 AM: Dramatic Reading Hour: *Das Kapital.* Young Karl Marx discovers that labor is exploited but is puzzled by the inaction of the workers in the face of oppression by the bourgeoisie.
10:00 AM: Special Report: Celebration of 25th anniversary of the liberation of Upper Radcazny by triumphant units of the fraternal Red Army at 10 A.M., September 8, 1945.
11:00 AM: Language Hour: Bulgarian Irregular Verbs: to be, to go, to wish.
12:00 AM: National Lunch Hour of Mourning for the Martyrs of Radcazny.
1:00 PM: World History: The Significance of the American Defeat at Waterloo.
1:30 PM: Special Report: Landing of the Prague-Warsaw Plane at Solidarity Airport.
2:00 PM: Refueling and Take-off.
2:30 PM: Weekly Revolutionary Roundup: Heroic Vietnamese soldiers destroy American bicycle cache; patriotic Cambodian citizens ambush Yankee-armed rubber trees.
3:00 PM: Know Your 5-Year Plan: Sorghum production 1973-1974.
4:00 PM: Great Cities of Europe: Radcazny.
6:00 PM: Backstage with the Bolshoi.
7:30 PM: News and Static.
8:00 PM: The Wolinskis of Wroclaw. Comrade Svolsky borrows Anton's ball peen hammer but forgets to return it.
9:00 PM: Polish Drama Hour: The Zionist of Venice.
10:00 PM: National Anthem: To sing along, dial 14576.

(continued on page 22)



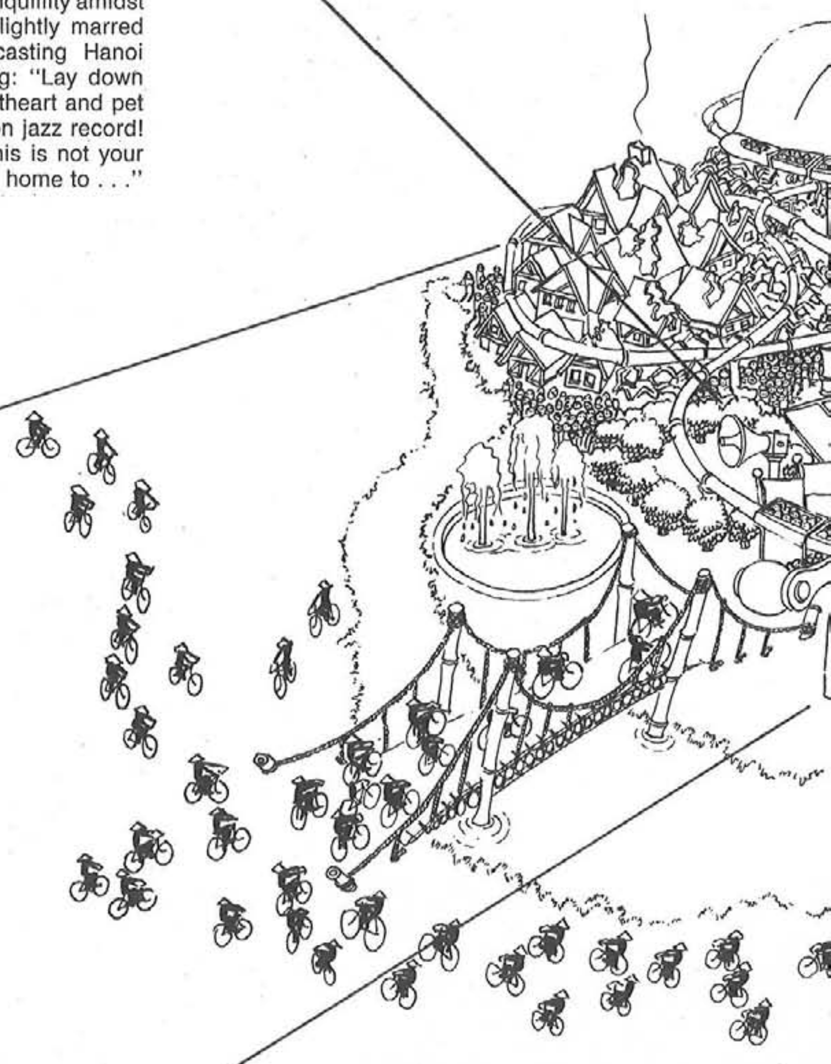
The 1970 Car!

It's the one the stars drive!
Why not include it
in your 5-year plan?



HANO

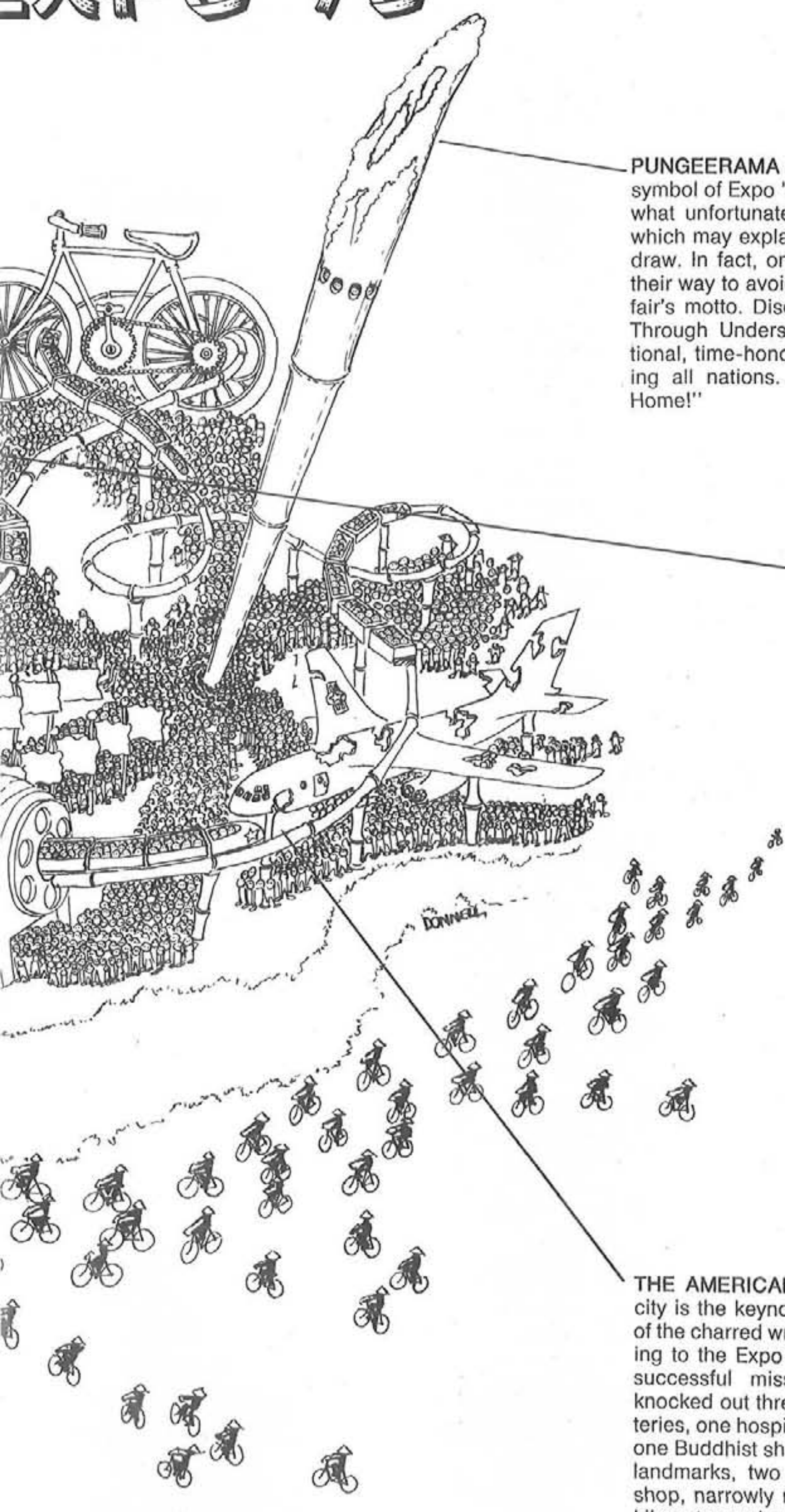
THE GARDEN OF INEVITABLE TRIUMPH OVER THE AMERICAN AGGRESSOR — Situated between the **FOUNTAIN OF CERTAIN DEFEAT FOR THE U.S. PUPPET-THUGS AND THEIR DISSOLUTE WALL STREET BOSSES** and the **COURT OF THE ARDENTLY CONTINUING STRUGGLE AGAINST THE IMPERIALIST WARMONGERS**, this charming garden, surrounded by rows of stately rubber trees, is an oasis of tranquillity amidst the hustle-bustle, a tranquillity, however, slightly marred by huge loudspeakers continually broadcasting Hanoi Hannah, "The Voice of Expo '70," shouting: "Lay down your arms, dogface! Go home to your sweetheart and pet with her! You can cut a rug to Duke Ellington jazz record! Do not give up your life for Henry Ford! This is not your war, Joe! Lay down your arms, dogface! Go home to . . ."



THE SWISS VILLAGE — Originally constructed as a picturesque trade center with rustic, half-timbered houses, quaint, winding streets and colorful banners, the Swiss Village was unfortunately mistaken for a "strategic hamlet" by a Green Beret raiding party that burned it to the ground, raping and strangling Miss Expo '70 and disemboweling a Geneva Conference observer. In the distance can be seen the Giant Bicycle.

THE HALL OF TECHNOLOGY — Although this is not exactly the "Wonderful World of the Future" of so many international expositions, visitors will find some interesting technological achievements that spell "progress" for Southeast Asia, including an artesian well, a wet cell storage battery, smallpox vaccine, an improved water buffalo yoke, *The Story of Flax*, rust-retarding paint, a corduroy road, a working model of a cigarette lighter, bifocals, cellophane and a Phillips head screwdriver.

EXPO '70



PUNGEERAMA — High above the fairgrounds looms the symbol of Expo '70, a 700-foot pungee stick tipped, somewhat unfortunately, with over 12 tons of pig excrement, which may explain why the symbol has been such a poor draw. In fact, on hot days, visitors often go hours out of their way to avoid it. Carved on the base of the stick is the fair's motto. Disdaining such lofty sentiments as "Peace Through Understanding," officials have chosen a traditional, time-honored phrase common to all peoples, uniting all nations. The motto, of course, is "Yankee Go Home!"

THE SWEDISH EXHIBIT — Mixing blue movies with Marxist dialectic, the Swedes have come up with something a bit novel in the way of cultural exchange. The results are screened every hour and, with titles like *The Passion, the Rapture, and the Textile Mill; How Buxom Ve Qhoc Hai Met Behind the Iron Foundry with Remarkably Well-Hung Phan Thap and Together They Found Increased Grain Production Methods and Ecstacy;* and *73 Bizarre Positions in Which to Procreate for the State,* thousands of workers wait patiently in long lines, eager to view correct thinking combined with good entertainment.

THE AMERICAN PAVILION — Stark, streamlined simplicity is the keynote here, in that the Pavilion consists only of the charred wreckage of a B-52H Stratofortress. According to the Expo guidebook, the bomber had just flown a successful mission against Thanhhoa, where it had knocked out three libraries, five art museums, two monasteries, one hospital, two orphanages, seven grade schools, one Buddhist shrine, one basilica, one park, four historical landmarks, two playgrounds, one arboretum and a pet shop, narrowly missing a petroleum depot by a scant 41 kilometers, when it was downed by a 14-year-old peasant with a BB gun. □

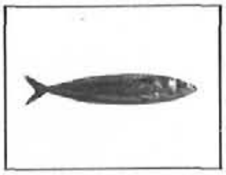
ILLUSTRATION BY W.S. DONNELL

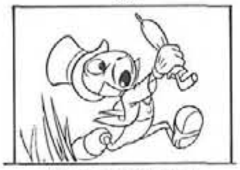
SHOW BIZ. MATCH 'EM QUIZ

Say, here's a good way to while away a few seconds. Just match the famous star with his (or her) baby pictures! It's simple! It's educational! It's fun!



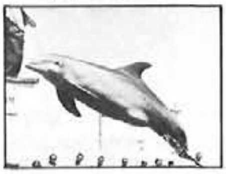
Trigger





Jiminy Cricket



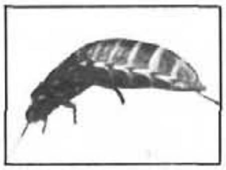


Flipper





King Kong





Prince Valiant



RESULTS OF THE 5TH ANNUAL BABY PICTURE CONTEST

Frankly, we were amazed by the number of entries in this annoying contest. For weeks, mailmen staggered into our offices, their mailbags bulging with snapshots.

Our judges worked long hours consuming hundreds of pounds of Friskies and puppy Yummies as they scanned the many entries. The result of their deliberations was an unheard-of split decision. Below are the two Grand Winners, each of whom will receive a one-year subscription to the Magazine of the Year: this year, the *National Lampoon*.

Clare Dramuk
Baton Rouge, La.

Scott S. Edelstein
Silver Springs, Md.





!!COMING NEXT MONTH!!



POLITICS

Election day is right around the corner, just like that vicious mugger you're about to have a chat with. Next month, the *National Lampoon* explains how to make the proper choice when picking our country's leaders, and how to obtain a passport if, by some quirk, they get elected. You can't tell one dud from another without:

New Political Parties and How to Identify Them/What with these third and fourth parties cropping up, it gets hard to distinguish a red-necked croaker from a yellow-bellied commie. Read this handy guide and find out who's who and what's what.

The Political Cartoon through History/In the old days, Phoenician fanatics used to draw obscene and libelous pictures on the temple walls. Now, the cranks churn them out daily in our newspapers—and get paid for it besides.

The Agnew Assassination/Take one terrible political murder. Add several hundred money-hungry magazine publishers and memorial ashtray makers, and within 24-hours after the tragedy you'll have a multimillion-dollar industry, alive and kicking.

If It Hadn't Been for Joe McCarthy/ . . . all those pinkos would have brought their perverted ideology into our very kitchens. Even the Morton Salt girl would be writhing in her chains.

The Wit, Wisdom and Warmth of John Mitchell/A rather short article.

The All-Time Political Straw Poll/Canvassing a broad cross section of The Silent Majority, this ultimate nose count reveals what's really going on around our nation's front porches, back yards and apple pies.

Plus: Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Horrorscope, Rick's Shooting Gallery and a number of interesting manuscripts that spent a lot of time at *Playboy, McCall's* and *The Saturday Evening Post* before they wound up on our desks.



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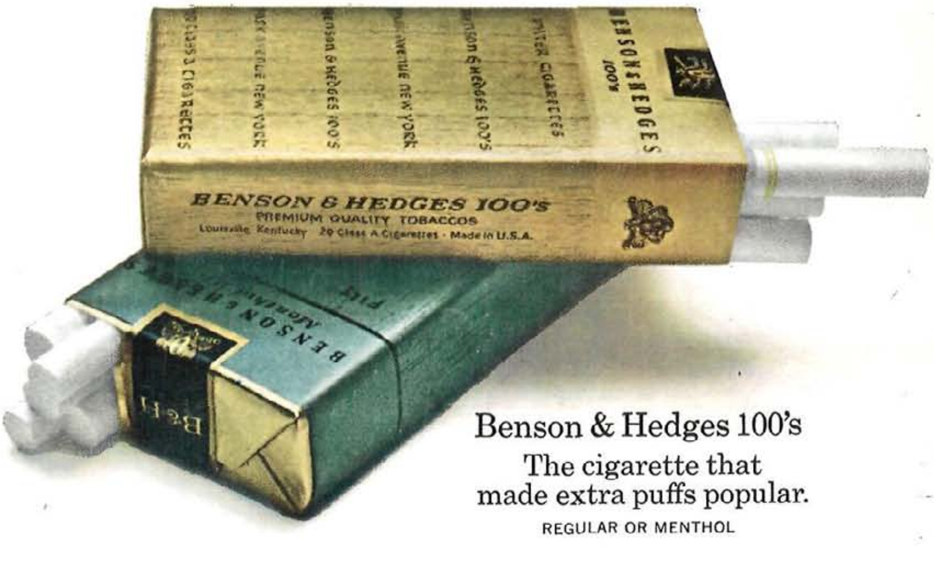
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3



Benson & Hedges 100's must taste pretty good. Look what people put up with to smoke them.



Benson & Hedges 100's
The cigarette that
made extra puffs popular.
REGULAR OR MENTHOL